

The trauayled Pyl-
grime, bringing newes
from all partes of the
worlde, such like scarce
harde of be-
fore.

*Seene and allowed according to
the order appointed.*

Anno Domini.
1569.

Eccle. 10.

**The glorie of the riche, of the honorable, and of the
poore, is the feare of God.**



Proverbs. 22.

**The riche and poore are together, the Lorde is the
maker of them all.**

TO THE RIGHT WOR-
 shipfull Sir William Damsell knight,
*receyuer generall of the Queenes Ma-
 iesties Court of VVarde, and Lyue-
 ries. S. B. wysheth most prosperous
 health, and endlesse
 felicitie.*



MONG DI-
 uers benefits recey-
 ued (Right wor-
 shypfull) conside-
 ring wyth my selfe
 in what order or
 by what meanes I
 mought deuysse, to
 show some part of recōpence, though far, to
 acquite that which I haue receiued, I forth-
 with called to mind these wordes, *Non solum* Marcus
Tullius
Cicero.
*gratis esse debet, qui accepit beneficium, verum etiam is
 cui potestas accipiendi fuit, he ought not onely to
 be thankfull, which hath receyued a bene-
 fit, but also, he to whom, hath bene power of
 receyuing*
A.ij.

The Epistle.

receyuing a benefite, so I confesse, who haue not onely receyued so many benefits at your worships handes, so often as I haue required: but also on your part haue augmented your friendly beneuolence, more then as yet I haue deserued. In consideration hereof, and thinking with my selfe by what means to gratefie some part of your deserued labours towards me, I thought good to dedicate this my simple and vnlearned trauaile, who hauing nothing else on your worship to bestow, called the trauailed Pilgrim, wherein I haue painted foorth the fonde deuise of man, and the straunge Combats that he is daylie forced vnto, by meanes of this oure feeble nature: showing also howe euery degree shoulde, or at the least wayes ought, to frame themselues, and so aduisedly to watch that we be found vigilāt watchmen, aspecting the great & second cōming of our lord
Iesus

The Epistle.

Iesus Christ, that at what houre the theefe breake in vpon vs, wee be readie armed to withstand the same, reporting also that the sayde Pilgrime bringeth newes out of all partes of the world, by which newes is signified the straunge inuentions of man, which at no time contynueth in one estate or staye, so long as the vitall breath remaineth within this wretched corps of oures: Furthermore, to consider of this my foresayde enterprise, not that I write this to the intent to correct or amend any fault or faults in other men, but only by way of friendly exhortation, exhorting euery faythfull Christian, to haue such regarde to this their Pilgrimage here on earth, that in the lyfe to come, they may enioy the happie gaine of endlesse felicitie. So right worshipfull the effect of this my simple and vnlearned enterprise being drawne, I mused with my selfe to whome I

A.3.

best

The Epistle.

best might bestowe the same, and knowing
none other more fit then your worship, con-
sidering the benefits as well present as past,
thought good to present the same, beseech-
ing your worship to except more my good
will, then otherwise the effect of this my sim-
ple trauaile, and in so doing I shall not think
my labor herein vneffectually bestowed:

thus I ende, beseeching the AL-
mightie God to preserue you
both now and euer.

Amen.

Your humble Orator.

S. B.

¶ To the Reader.

IHough the matter (gentle Reader) contained in this my simple treatise, be not altogether fruitlesse, but that manye things therein might verye vvell be amended, yet notwithstanding so farre I presume of thy indifferent iudgement, that thou vvilt not be according to the common sort of curious quarrellers, a captious or a malipert correctour of the labours or diligent studie of anye to hinder, although in some poyntes thou bee able to correct: but fauourably consider the good vvill of the wryter, and then if anye thing chaunce contrarie to thy mind, show foorth thy friendly commendations, with such ordred corrections, as may not onely encourage the Author, but also get to thy selfe in lyke effect lyke cōmendation or praise. It is hard for one to please many: therefore in fewe wordes I haue thought good, to knit together this my simple vvorke, called the trauayled Pilgrime, wherein is set foorth the state of man, and the innumerable assaultes, that he is daylie and hourelly enuironed withall, not onely with outward or bodily enemies, as losse of goodes, or lyfe, of wyfe, children, or familier friends, which estsones happens,

To the Reader.

pens, as the losse of goodes by theft, or fyre, the death of thy friende or familye, by flaunder and murther, these and suche lyke disturbances, still eyther in the one or other, man is alwayes subiect vnto, yet better to be auoyded, then the inwarde cogitations or thoughts, which daylie by Sathan, man is vexed and moued, for the one may by patience, in suffering vvrongful dealing, oftentimes escape the doings, which otherwise myght else happen to his or there great payne and grieuance: the other must not onely be ouercome with patience in suffering, but also fayth and good workes must proceede, vvhich be tvvo chiefe causes, that God by his sonne Iesus Christe beyng oure Mediator, doth continuallye heare, not the outvard prayers only, but also our invvard rhoughts so long as true hope vvyth these three doth remayne, that is to say, patience in suffring, fayth in beleeuing, that God in Christ Iesus, is able, & vwill forgiue the sinnes & offences of all true obedient harts: good vvorks, doth and shall receyue hir revvard, vvhich is euerlasting life. And hope then is brought from calamities vvhich she long desired, vnto iocundity & triumphant glory. Thus much
gentle

To the Reader.

gentle Reader. I haue thought good to vwrite concerning the state of man, but vvhatsoeuer I haue left vnnvritten in this my base and simple Epistle, although not altogether it chaunce to please some frowarde braynes, yet as much as I haue thought conuenient, so much haue I vwritten, not that I knowe in my selfe, but that by the vvise and learned, many things may be amended: impute therefore the lacke of any thing which may chaunce to discontent Tyme, not to ignorance, but only
the full minde and effect hereof to
the vvriter, vvho thinkes
this done sufficient.

*Read, but deride not, at merie things laugh not,
After mirth cometh sorow, for Momus I care not*

Farevvell in the Lorde.
S. B. M.

B.j.

¶ The

The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ The childe signifieth good Infancie: the rod, Correction:
the auncient or aged man, Reason: the booke, Truth:
the armed Knyght, youthfull Courage: the
speare, good Gouvernment: the shielde,
Hope: the sword, Courage:
standing in the fielde
called Time.



*Here the Author beginnes his voyage, being ready armed, bidding
Infancie farewell, and now growing by Reason to fur-
ther possibilitie and strength.*

The trauayled Pilgrime.

He mightye Ioue celestiaall, when first he toke in hand,
That Chaos huge, he made to fall, and formed so a land,
Wherein he set and created, all things as now we see,
First beastes, then mā, which he prepared their gouernoꝝ to bee.
And named him in Eden grounde, Adam, that name he gaue,
Where nothing then could him confound, till he a Wate did craue.
She, Eua, hight, a woman kinde, when he awakke hir saue,
As Innocents no sinne did minde, till Sathan wrought their aue.
That Woman first she did consent, the Apple so to proue,
Wherby the serpent did inuent, all ioyes from them to moue.
For their offence they were exilde out of that pleasaunt place,
And earth accursed soth did yelde, the crabbed thorne a space.
The earth then sayne were they to till, still laboring the ground,
Thus sathans drifts the thought to spill, he gaue that deadly wound:
Although that Adam did offend, yet God so she wode his grace,
A newe Adam he after sent, which did all sinne deface.
Such minde hath God alwayes to those, that ioyes his lawes to loue,
And such as are his mortall foes, with plagues he doth them proue:
As Pharao that cruell king, which did so sore oppresse
The Isracrites aboue all thing, and would not them release.
It were to long all to recite, I minde them to forgoe,
The swallow swift once taken flight, then Auster streight doth bloe,
With nipping showres and frosts so colde, few may it long endure,
But that once past then doth unfold the swete and pleasaunt showre,
Wherby all things do spring and grow, with orient smell most swete,
Till Hyems force himselfe doth show, then Pisces ioyes in dape.
So I as one bereft of ioy, in order mindes to frame,
The gliding pace, the state so coy, yet loth were (one) to blame.
The state of one to nominate, yet all I wish to loke,
Conceyue in minde, doe nothing hate, till read ye haue this booke:
He that dispraiseth ere he know, may well be thought a foole,
The Hart the Hind doth time foreshow, yet void frō reasons schole.
Of Dolor and Debilitie, these two I chiefly name,
The first is hard to vnderstand, the other maketh tame,
In bringing youthfull yeares to ende, now know you what he is,
Be mindefull therefore what you read, if not, you may sone misse.

The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ The felde Tyme: he with wings, Thought: the other, the
Author: trauailing in the sayde
felde.



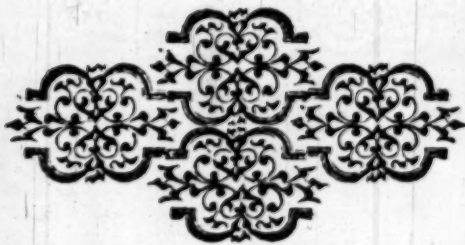
In time Thought moueth the Author.

The trauailed Pilgrime

In Hyems force, both tree and herbe doth vade as rest of life,
On sodeyne then to me appeared, the state of worldly strife:
As I thus going all alone (one) did to me appeare,
Awake, quoth he, from pensue mone, of me haue thou no feare.
Both he and I together went, as friendes a certaine space,
Till at the last I did repent, my former time and case,
Then slept I forth full sodainly, as one bereft of glorie,
And to my minde I did apply to note therof some storie.
As after wardes there shall be sene, with such aduised hede.
The state of life I will beginne, thus haue I full decreede.
Consider first both life and welth, be mindefull still thereof,
For that will bring most perfite health, so shall at thee none scoffe.
If that forgetfulnesse endure, no hope there is of gaine,
Where state decreaseth be thou sure, bereft from ioy to paine,
The time once past, needes must consume the pleasant orient smell
Of tree and herbe that growes on ground, as p[ro]se full well can tell.
Likewise all trees that fruite doth beare, in light they show a shade,
And time once past straight wil appeare, y[et] al things needes must vade,
So likewise those that vainly spende, their liues they care not how,
The wrath of God on such attendes, and age of force must bow.
The tree that once cleane withered is, can be by no meanes greene,
No more can Age be yong p[ro]uise, it neuer hath bene sene,
Conceyue therefore full well in minde, and youthfull time so spende,
That when Death comes thou be not blinde, to late then to amende,
P[re]destfull it is also to knowe, and how thy selfe mayst stay,
That Dolor and Debilitie, they guide a cruell way,
None may escape them by no wayes, these knights so valiant are,
Yea Antropos with force them stays, and sharply doth them share.
Most horrible and daungerous, the passage is to see,
With combats great most marueilous, not one alway may flee,
Till that he be bereft of life, they are so fiercely prest,
They neuer cease, but still at strife, at no time take they rest.
And Dolorousnesse by his great force, on Thought doth still attend,
Debilitie thorow feblenesse, to death he all doth send,
Which death appeares inuisible, with gliding dart most sharpe,
The dent thereof the life doth quell, the soule from body part.

The trauailed Pilgrime

They neuer cease in working still, which way they best may finde,
Both Prince and King they come untill, thereto they are assignde.
See now therefore ye vnderstand, the Herault will appeare,
That Dolor hee, will thee withstand, of him be not in feare.
Sith thou thy selfe hast giuen the charge, I will thee me regarde,
In spending youth be not to large, thine enemy is prepaire,
Who mindeth still thee to inuade, with his great force and strength,
Arme thee therfore as I haue sayd, some ease to finde at length.
Thinkest thou thy selfe to be more stout, than euer Sampsons grace,
Or Hercules which went about, that Pluto to deface:
Art thou bereft from wisdomes schole, what Salamon to excorde,
Oh captiue base and simple soule, refraine I say with speede.
Diomedes with Marshall skill, doth farre excorde the state,
What got Abialon by his will, could he from death escape:
Not one of all the worthies mine, coulde Dolor once withstande,
Prouide therfore all things by Time, still take him by the hande,
Sith that the howre draweth nie, be ready at the sounde
Of trumpet shrill, with blast most cleere, thine enemies to confounde:
The loftie sounde of trumpet blowne, oft warneth to prepare,
With speare & shield now all is knowne, of these my words beware.



The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ The armed Knight signifieth true Obedience in all estates,
his armour, Strength: the shielde, Hope: the sworde,
Courage: the speare, Aduenture: deliuered to
the Author, by Thought being present
in the fielde called
Time.



*The Author putting all feare aside, armeth himselfe, and so rides
foorth on his horse called Will.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

When Time had said to me his mind, I pondered then in thought
To worke & doe as he assignde, forthwith I armour cought,
As one then forste I put it on, by horned Cinthias light,
And armour dight o: Phoebus shone, so forth I toke my flight,
The Horse wher on I sate was, Will, whose force few youth may stay,
My sworde was, Courage, prest to kill, so rode I on my way.
My armour was both tough and strong, of strength it was new made,
My shielde also was, Hope, among nine enemies to invade.
My speare was wrought and fabricate, with glittering gold most bright,
Thereby that I allwage mought Hate, and put my foes to flight,
Thus rode I on couragious, some prowesse for to winne,
In passing forth most venterous, I practise did beginne.
Two dayes I rode but nothing salu, among the huge rocks,
Not one aduenture worth a straw, so boyde I Momus mockes,
Whereby I might recite at large, to please the Readers minde,
I let that passe and put in charge, that Thought to me assignde:
It is not needfull here to tell, my dolefull woe and paine,
A thousand griefes aye set to quell, and Time did me disdaine,
But when I had escape the wayes, being past the mountaines great,
A goodly grane there did appeare, which wo:ldly pleasure hight.
So much the place delighted me, my selfe I cleane forgot,
Till that I did Aduenture see, in midst of pleasures plat,
A knight appeared there in sight, of corps both huge and great,
Upon a steede all, Ire, he hight as blacke as any Feat.
And towards me he came a mayne, with countenance fierce and grim,
Regard, quoth he, in time, refraine, of me thou naught mayst win,
See thou with speede thy selfe prepare, for I will haue no nape,
My might to proue, if that thou dare, else here I will thee slaye.
Forthwith I graunted his request, but first his name to tell,
And then to proue if he thought best, so would I with him mell,
With irefull speech and lostie voyce, he answered me in haste,
Disagreement, who first hath choyse, all as he to stroy and waste,
I Disagreement all would deslowe, from quiet peace and rest,
Through Cluttonie encrease my powre, all other I detest,
Not one if once I take in hande, from me may scarce escape,
I rent and plucke as small as sand, nay few to me dare prate,

The trauailed Pilgrime

With thou art not Debitie, nor Dolor which is fell,
Thy force I hope to mollifie, I now thee know full well :
Debitie and Dolor eke, for these two doe I seeke,
Who keepes the word of Antropos, and cause all flesh to greete:
Debitie to most is knowne, by sicknesse or by age,
Bicause the state in man consumes, to death his corps doth gage,
But Dolor now is verie straunge, which may or may not bee
Without corruption of that, wherein one may it see.
Debitie therfore to him, I haue so ioynde in kinde,
That Dolor he may well be callde, a foe to friendly minde,
And why : bicause all flesh is loth with goodwill hence to part,
Therefore I haue thought good as now, to ioyne them as one hart.
Being both together, are as one, still struing man to win,
When youthfull yeres are gone and past, then age nedes must begin,
With hollow epen and visage grim, and countenance wan and pale,
Thus Ioue aboue all times assignes, this newes account not stale.
From those two, minde I to escape, if that by power I maye,
Thou mayst be sure thou comest to late, to vanquish or to fraye,
With that he spake with eger mode, as one distraught of wit,
Though none of those, yet sure their friende, together are we knit.
Thy selfe defende, if that thou can, I minde thy force to proue,
Make no delay, doe surely stande, from me thou shalt not moue :
Our Speares on rest, we both fast set, ech other so did mate,
That both to grounde we fell therwith, and after fought on fate.
His Speare was shod with little Wit, wherewith he downe me cast,
That counterbusse I felle as yet, and shall while life doth last.
Our speares at once cleane broken were, with swords ech other strake,
So fierce was I, none could me feare, till Time my state did shake :
With the licour of foolishnesse (therewith) were both swords wrought,
With vaine desire and wilfulnesse, ech other strake aloft :
The strokes were verie straunge to heare, that ech to other sent,
And straight to me there did appeare, the ydle life so spent.
Thus still together did we fight, as foles to strue with Time,
Till at the last appeared night, yet Cinthia gaue hir shine,
Whereby we both might well perceyue, all goodnesse crept away,
By Diligence then was I faine, to craue as guide and stay.

C.j.

Still

The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ The Author fighteth with Disagreement, the speare that Disagreement hath broken, is called Littlewit, the Authors speare is Aduenture, both swoordes in thys place signifie foolishnesse, wherewith eche striketh other, till pleasant Ladie Memorie defendeth the Author from Disagreement, in the felde called Time.



*Here Disagreement speaketh to the Author, and so both
beginnes the combat.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

Still Disagreement me assaylede, whose force so still encrease,
 His restlesse strokes so did me quail, that fain I would haue ceasse:
 I sawe no way how to escape, from him I might not start,
 For knew not how to finde a mate, to ayde me from my smart.
 And being thus in peniue care, still looking for my ende,
 Deuoyde from ioy as one threde bare, nought hauing to defende:
 That lustie Ladie Youth forth came, on whom I did depende,
 His strokes she counted but as game, whereby we made an ende.
 Hir seruent loue did so me ayde, hir strength so did me scape,
 Of nought by hir I was afrayde, so rode I on my waye.
 As I thus prest was forth to ride, againe she did me call,
 And willed me with Time to bide, to see what would befall.
 To Disagreement thus she sayde, doe graunt to my request,
 And let him passe, not once denyde, for so I thinke it best,
 To see more of the worldly state, some prowesse for to winne,
 Refraine therefore no time abate, sith Youth doth now beginne.
 He aunswerde me most curiously, sith that I must of force,
 A sure foundation see thou be, to Age haue good remorse,
 This Cappe here take, a thing of price, most inuicible is and good.
 To driue away all sonde deuice, a salve to nourish blood.
 It shall be like a springing Well which nourisheth the grounde,
 Euen so all grieve it will expell, and sonde deuice confounde.
 When that I had this Cappe receiue, I was so glad of cheere,
 Away with hast, full well appealde, I thought none then my peere.
 The fatall chaunce and destenie of Herpelus his loue,
 Quailed not to molifie, although he long did proue,
 A thousande moe I coulde recite, yea, thousand thousande sure,
 Which are so sonde in their delight, deuoyde from ease or cure.
 Where fickle fantasie moues the minde, of fond desire foles,
 Their youthfull race sone wareth blinde, & falles betwixt two stoles:
 For he that on two stoles will sit, may chaunce misse on them both,
 Where one will serue it is unfit, such foles who will not loth.
 Who euer in one age more saue, of vaine superbitie:
 Regarde of lalues who standes in awe, as all full well may see.
 So many as will benterers be, your armour see be fast,
 Of Faith, Hope, Loue, and Charitie, then life be sure to last.

C.ij.

Thus

By the
 Cap that
 Disagreement gi-
 ueth to
 Remorie,
 to deliuer
 to the sou-
 thor, is sig-
 nified the
 cranie il-
 lusions of
 Sarban,
 by colour-
 red magis-
 nations,
 seeking all
 meanes
 possible to
 become
 he might,
 even the
 verte elect.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Thus by the way I doe thee warne, regarde my words full well,
Then be thou sure to boyde the harme, of paines infernall hell:
By order scene, shall euery state, in what case here they toyle,
And how thou mayst thy selfe abate, from Sathans drifts and soyle.
Thus strided I so long with Time, till Youth was almost gone,
And Thought to me so did encline, that two began my song:
In suffering combats manifolde, still hoping Time to rule,
Till Time in Courage wared bolde, then gan I streight to pule,
As one forsake, departed I, not knowing where to rest,
In dolefull too I gan to crie, Thought did mee so molest,
Then rode I forth some way to finde, and night approached nere,
And Vesper bright began to shine, whereby I saw full clere
A house or place, most faire to see, which did my hart reioyce,
The way thereto likened might be, to subtile Nymphias boyce,
A Laberinth I thought it sure, or some infernall place,
The more I sought, Age did procure, all Youth from me to chace:
Yet at the length through much adoe, the way at last I founde,
Approching nere, I streight did bow, to heare some voice or sounde.
And thus still musing in great grieve, I streight espying one,
To whome I called for reliefe, which heard my grieve and more.



The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ Here the Author by long trauaile meeteth with Vnderstanding, and requireth lodging: Obedience or true Diligence, guideth his horse called Will, in the felde called Time.



Here the Author speaketh to Vnderstanding.

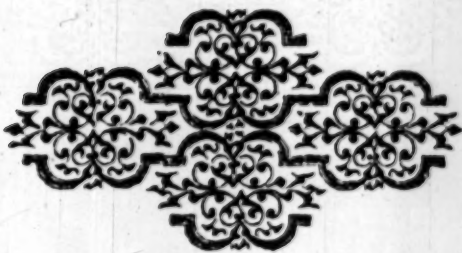
The trauailed Pilgrime

I f thou saluation hopest to haue, then graunt me my request,
And licence me sith now I craue, and doe me not detest:
For that thou vnderstanding hight, of Gods eternall grace,
So much the more I doe delight, to see thy splendent face,
Whereby that I may grace attaine, my foes for to subdue,
Whereby to boyde ech endlesse paines, which else may me ensue.
Therefore to lodge with thee all night, is sure my whole desire,
That I by thee may haue some sight, nought else I doe require.
His aunswere was both meeke and kinde, and thus to me he sayde,
Welcome thou art with hart and minde, be sure I will thee ayde:
Scarce one, there doth to me resort, for (almost) all is gone,
And fewe or none comes to my port, thus liue I all alone.
My sonne I will thee entertaine, the best wise that I can,
A wise welcome say I once againe, now giue to me thy han:
Then forth he led me to a place, which seemed verie straunge,
Wherein I saw Joy and Solace, in euery corner raunge.
The noyse of pleasant harmonie, so much reioyst my hart,
That I forgot my sorowes past, with all my griefe and smart.
Forthwith he streight vnarmed me, and did on me a gowne.
Which hight all feruent modestie, mine enemies to resounde.
I neuer was before so lodgde, nor saw so wortheie an Host,
In no place where I erst had bene, in Citie, towne nor Coss,
All things which needed there I had, my corpes for to suffice,
And Infancie that pretie ladde brought water for mine eyes.
Whereby I might perceyue and see the clere light from the darke,
Twice happiest truly (thought) to be, from me as then depart:
Yet not so cleane gone but by stealth, he touchte me now and than,
With sundrie cares of worldly welth, oft had me by the han.
The thought of worldly welth no gaine, might not me once molest,
So long as Reason rulde the vaine, which froward will detest,
Thus he and I togethers went, into a secret place,
Where I to him gaue full consent, sinnes motion clere to chace,
Through singlenesse of life to be, in perfitte loue and peace,
Alwayes continuing to the ende, my selfe for to releace,
From all woe and calamitie, which in all flesh doth raine,
In the supernall th:one to be, from all woe, griefe and paine:

Welddoing

The trauailed Pilgrime

Wel doing goes farre out of way, where faith is not in place,
And faith alone is boyde of stape, yet both obtaineth grace,
Who well doth liue, all vertues hath, then nedes hee not to feare,
With orient sinell, and pleasant bath where mercy doth bypeare.
From worldly pleasure and delight, of God to be in alwe,
Though sathan seeketh wth al spite, from him he may none draw,
Not one of them which Christ doth chosse, shall perish and decaye,
Not one he will at all refuse, that flies their former waye,
And calleth vnto him for grace with constant minde and zeale,
For such he doth prouide a place, his mercy thus doth deale,
To euery man so equally he doth bestow his loue,
Therefore his lawes doe magnific, who sittes in throne aboue.
Thus when he had sayd all his minde, he toke me by the hande,
And brought me to a place where he, bid marke and vnderstande:
Such cheare, quoth he, I haue prouide, as shall you well suffice,
The Bread of life, the Cup of health, see you it not despise.
The liuely worde of God I meane, which saues all men by grace,
The Cup of health and seruient zeale, all errors forth doth chafe.
Content your selfe with this a while, thereof take first your taste,
Ere long you shall drinke of the wine that shall not fret nor waste.

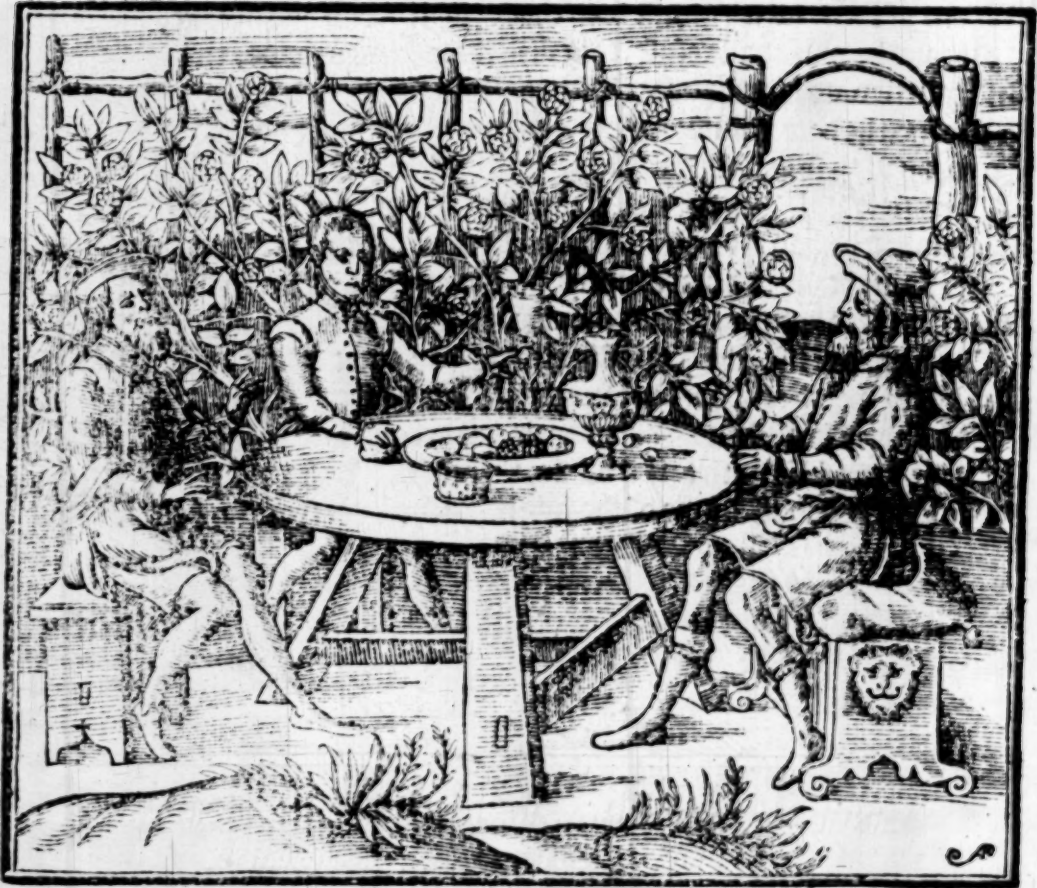


Callig.

When

The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ Vnderstanding maketh his banquet, and comforteth the
Author: true Diligence furnisbeth the table
in the place of Reason.



¶ Here the Author being moued with great desire, requireth of Vn-
derstanding what his name is: which, being as yet
to him vknowne.

The trauailed Pilgrime

When that to me he all had said, togethers we did walke,
 Till at the last I mused how, I might deuise in talke
 To know his name and whence he was, my whole desire was set,
 I coude no longer it forbear, nor nought my thought could let.
 And how he in that place first came, to know was my desire,
 At length I spake as came in minde, his name I did require :
 Full louingly he aunswerde me, saying he would recite,
 And how that he first thither came, by whose strength powre & might.
 Sith that to me your name is knowne, I also mine shall shew,
 With hart and minde I will reueale, and also let you know.
 Vnderstanding, the verie same, which earst you said you sought,
 Most knowne am I in euerie place, and yet of fewest cought.
 Bicause the way of ioplesse life is brode and verie plaine,
 I haue made here my dwelling place, all scorers to refraine.
 The bread whereon I daily feede, is sobrietie and peace :
 The wine which I also receiue, is Loue, which hate doth cease.
 Thus liue I here without disease, nothing doth me annoye,
 By grace diuine I sustaine thole, that to my words employe :
 Yet sinne to me is very sharpe, which daily I pursue,
 Whereby I may the soner get, to Loue that Iudge most true,
 Which sittes aloft in splendent throne, of chrystall light most cleare,
 In glorious iopes magnificent, among his Saints most deare.
 To him therfore I giue the prayse, Iehouah, thou art hee,
 On whome in hart I doe delight, thy splendent face to see.
 With such delight thy selfe prepare, sith I thy state doe knowe,
 Fro me thou nothing mayest hide, as after I will shewe.
 And sith thou art but yong in yeares, not yet come to full strength,
 Let Reason therfore be thy guide, he will thee ease at length.
 Remember well what I haue said, and do it not forget,
 Though hozor sell doe thee molest, at no time see thou fret.
 As valiant knights, seeke to defende, the Citie, Towne or Nation,
 So fight thou still with all thy powre, against all variation.
 Of all false and vsurped powers, from such see thou decline,
 As souldiers fierce that feares no shewes, but tarie for the time,
 Not fearing threats of wooldy powre, but him which can destrye
 Both body, soule, yea, all on earth, or turne thou can thine eye.

D. J.

But

Reason
 speaketh
 to I. J. =
 shoz.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Put on thine armour now with spæde, sith forwarde thou must goe,
And strength thee with the shield of faith, against thy mortall foe,
Debilitie is alwayes prest, awaiting till thou come,
To carie thee as his captiue, from him thou mayst not run:
Debilitie and Dolor both so soze will the assaile, (quaile:
That from their hands thou mayst not scape, they minde thee sure to
So rule thy selfe in time therfore, the lawes of God regarde,
The lesse thou needest then to feare, although they be preparede.
Seeing now I haue declarde to thee, a time thou mayst auoyde,
Both Dolor and Debilitie which carst thee still annoyde.
If once on thee they doe take holde, away thou mayst not flie,
For to retire, it is but vaine, although for helpe thou crie.
But in the enterprise thou goest about, thou shalt attaine,
To get such praise as few hath done, if me thou not disdain,
Dolor hee that Champion stout, euen hee seeketh thee to let:
If thou him wyne, for laude thereof, great fame I will thee get.
And for as much as (good intent) thereby thou mindest to procure,
Take thou this speare of Regiment, thy foes thereby to mow,
In length of time thou must decrease, thou mayst not keepe one stay,
Yet force thou not this state of thine, thereat doe not dismay.
Thou shalt be able to endure, if thou my words obey,
Cease not therfore, but put in vze, let nothing now thee fray,
That now when Dolor doth approach, then strike him if thou can,
So for a time thou mayst escape, my words now rightly scan:
Yet one thing more doe well regarde, before thou take in hande,
Laude God alway, who hath thee made, doe not his word withstand:
See that in chamber secretly, thou alwayes giue him prayse,
Then will he thee defende and keepe, at all times and assaies,
Let hart and thought agree in one, sith he of naught thee made,
And thanke him for his benefits, from them at no time bade,
And yet on our behalfe nothing deserued is, whereby
That ought at all we sure should haue, or ioye in throne on hie.
When supper was thus finished, and thanks giuen for our meate,
Streight way we rose to walke a while, more matter to intreate:
Thus when we had the Euening spent, great grieve it was to mee,
For to forgo the sight of him, which earst before did see.

Unto

The trauailed Pilgrime

Unto a chamber faire and swæte, he brought me to a bed,
All rest it hight, whercon was layde a pillow for mine head:
I neuer was before so layde, Rest there so did me stape,
That I forgot betime to rise, till Sol forshewde the daye.
No sooner I awaked was, out of my slumbring slepe, (swæte,
The noise of Birdes made me to muse, whose notes and tunes were
To see what sluggish slepe could doe, when man desireth rest:
Euen like an Asse bereft from wit, compared to a beast.
Full soone I start then fro my bed, as one which lost had Time,
Still searching how I might deuise to flee my former crime:
With that I met Obedience, which brought me to a place,
Where I did see the Vertues all, a wondrous pleasant case.
Whose pulchritude did farre excell Procerpines looke or grace,
So splendent were their ornaments, that none might them deface.
Justice iustly there did iudge, both matters right and wrong,
Fortitude and strength, also with Loue, sang there hir song.
Whose notes surpassed the Nightingale, she did me so enflame,
That I desired still to heare the swæte and pleasant Dame.
She hight the loue of Gods word pure, his name she still did prayse,
Both night and day at no time ceast, still lauding all true wayes.
There Temperance sate, and Faith also, with Charitie and Hope,
Ech one with other there did sit, and Concorde set the note:
The harmonie which I there heard, would make a hart of stone
Relent, and turne from his sinne past, and cause him soze to mone
To see the happie life and state that they alwayes were in,
And then to betwe all mortall flesh so burdened with sin:
There sorowes did not so much me glad, as sorowes did forth slide,
When that I calde to minde, that I might not there still abide.
Sinceritie and godly Zeale to Gods precepts diuine,
With Innocencie, Grace and Light, as one, so did encline,
Sinceritie is harde to finde, and Zeale from most is fled,
Mercie and Compassion now, is thought to be neare dead.
And all true promises are broke, of few, or none is kept:
God wayes are scarce regarded now, superbitie doth let,
Most mischief now beares all the sway, the more we may lament,
If that in time none doe forsee, be sure then to be spent.

Here the
Author is
brought by
Reason to
his bed
called rest.

The trauailed Pilgrime

In steade of concoorde now both raigne all wꝛath and cruell hate,
 Among most men euerie where, with peace are at debate:
 When that I heard Obedience declare the state of Time,
 I loth was then to take in hande, leass I should fall in crime.
 So many foes about me were, that it was straunge to see,
 In euery corner where I walke, I saw no place was free.
 With yll will from that heauenly noyse, which I before had harde,
 Departed I while time did last, and Thought me wholly snarde.
 As I thus musing with my selfe, my former friende me met,
 In quiet chamber where I lay, by me himselve did set,
 And how I like my place that night, whether ought did me molest,
 I gaue him thanks and tolde him then, to me it was the best.
 That worthie Champion Strabo hee, felt no such ease by sight,
 For yet the puissant Iason eke, for all his force and might:
 The one in sight surpassed all, the other for his loue,
 Adventure did both life and lim, as stoyes well can proue.
 Thus thanking him for my repast, which he to me had shewed,
 With amiable countenance, he thought it well bestowed.
 Saying to me with cherefull voyce, you may not hence depart,
 Til you haue seene things straunge & old, which wil reuine your hart.
 Such treasure straunge haue I to shew, of which if once you see,
 For to depart from sight therof, bntwilling will you be,
 And yet no Coyne, Siluer nor Golde, no Gem nor Duch so clere,
 Maye once compare their state to that, you neuer saw his pere,
 With that he opened wide a doze, which seemed very straunge,
 Both dark & dim, where mourning stood, & grudge about did raunge:
 The locke wherof, was made of Glasse, the key all Knowledge hight,
 The sight therof did me amase, till I espied light.
 The rounne was large and verie fine, replete with colours faire,
 With charactes straunge & pictures wrought, that shined like the aire,
 The sight therof so did me quaille, wherewith I started backe,
 But Vnderstanding did me stay, quoth he, what doste thou lacke?
 Disnay thee not in any wise, giue eare I will thee shoue,
 From tristfull cares thy selfe applie, let Reason with thee growe,
 The sooner mayst thou knowledge get, and purpose eke attaine,
 To follow me I thinke it best, therby the more to gaine.

Polichzo.
 lib. 2. cap. 1.
 sayth, that
 Strabo
 saw the
 ships of
 Punie
 when they
 were. 135.
 mile from
 him.

The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ Here Vnderstanding sheweth the Author a number of Vertues in the house called Reason, to withdrawe him from vaine delites, declaring the daungers that doth ensue: that done, the Author trauaileth further.



After the Author had seene every vertue, and considered the worthinesse of them, imagineth how he may keepe in the house of Reason, not minding to trauaile any further, till Vnderstanding moueth him to procede in his iorney.

The trauailed Pilgrime

O Venus faire, and Vesper bright, which sholues the day to come,
And gladneth all such as delight to see that pleasant sonne:
That Phœbus faire, that Titan eke, nay Sol that pleasant light,
Which doth surpasse all lights on earth, who may such stile recite.
The splendent hue and pulchritude of faire Helena she,
May not compare to Sol in light, that may in no wise gree:
Bicause the one was thrall to death, the other free from paine,
Therefore shall Sol still haue the praise, and Helen I disdaine.
A thousand Helenes now doth reigne in pulchritude and shape,
Yet verie fewe that mindes to leaue, that, sinne for to escape.
The more may all true harts lament, to see so little care,
Of people now in these our dayes, that will no time be ware.
Examples therfore will I shew, to ech state and degree,
Of straunge things past, which earst hath bene to al that will you see,
And how the state of things hath bene among the wilfull sort,
And pleasure eke of vertuous men, I also will report.
When wrathfull Ire first tooke in hande, that wilfull Cain to moue,
Then cruell Enue brought in brest, not Abel more to loue,
And why: bicause his sacrifice did still descende to grounde,
Therefore that wilfull captiue hee, sought Abel to confounde:
And when he had his brother slaine, then gan he streight to flee,
Euen like an abiect boyde of grace, as though none did him see:
Then streight way that celestiall loue to wicked Cain did call,
To know where Abel was become, and who began the bhall.
For that thou hast thy brother slaine, an abiect shalt thou be,
And all thy life long still in doubt of euery plant and tree.
Debilitie shall thee possesse, thou shalt not once escape,
Sith thou hast slaine thy brother deare, I therfore will thee hate.
This Cain was he that first found out, which way the lande to till,
And was the first which did inuent, by murther man to kill.
Therefore as vacant lies his race, yet he much issue had,
And when he was fled from the Lord, in Sod, he there him clad.
The rest I minde not to recite, now forwarde will I goe,
To shoue in order many things, and eke that mortall foe,
Mylandros he, that cruell fiende, which seekes all flesh to spill,
If he once may the maistrice get, then breeds he nought but yll.

God

The trauailed Pilgrime

God graunt therefore all Christian harts, his lawes to haue in minde,
And that we may with hart and will, detest all horrors blinde:
To practise therfore in the life, all vertuous facts to vse,
No other way is there to finde, therfore the light doe chuse.
Remember well the valiant deedes, that Sampson did, when hee
The Lion fierce first slew with might, as plainly we may see:
When that he vnto Thamnates went, not farre out of the way,
The Lion fierce did him assaile, bereft he was from pray.
And also when that he in mirth, a Riddle did declare,
Amidst the banquet where they sate, with all their gorgeous fare,
Not one of thirtie could assoyle, nor once tell what it ment,
Till they by silly drifts had wonne, of hir which did repent.
He twice by women was deceyved, for all his force and strength,
And by his foes so handled was, he lost his eyes at length.
But when his locks were growne againe, three thousand sure he slew,
And brake the pillar that chiefe stay, of those which did him betw,
And thus through indignation, to voyde the former wrong,
The Philistines he so did annoye, that dolefull was their song.
By Dolor so they alwayes sought, by yre they still did lie,
And he to ende his restlesse dayes, amidst his foes did die:
That sonde soe Dianira shee, in hoping loue to finde,
A shirt enuenuomde she did sende, not witting to hir minde,
In hope to haue got Hercules with hir againe to be,
And he therewith was poysoned, himselfe he could not free.
And to be brent in such a flame, by Dolor euer was,
That Nessus fell, hir did deceyue, to late she cride alas:
As one bereft from worldly ioye, when that he felt the smart,
In fire flame he did consume, both body bones and hart.
The mightie Cæsar in likewise, to death full soone was brought,
By such as he nothing suspect, full soone his death they sought:
With bodkins sharpe they did him pierce, till all his bloud was spent,
In steede of pittie irefull yre, this murder did inuent.
Thus flickring flame doth host abroad, in euery lande and coste,
The cruell facts of froward mindes, among both least and most,
This Tragedie is not vnknowne, nor may not slide from minde,
Refraine therfore all irefull hate, shew not thy selfe unkinde.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Cassander
was sonne
to Antipa-
ter which
poysoned
the king
Alexander
in Babi-
lon.

The wo:thie Alexander king, that conquerour so great,
Was poysoned by Cassandrus as he sate at his meat,
Which poyson was so benicuous, that nothing might it holde,
Except the hooft of some horse foote, wherin they did it folde.
Antipater first tooke in hand, by Dolor he most fell,
Who seeks in euery land and coast, all states to vaunt and quell,
Lament ye Gods in Chrypsall throne, let fall your brinish teares,
With parched face and bloubred eyne, at wrath doe stop your eares.
Here is become that Troian stout, the wo:thie Hector he,
Wereft full sone by fatall chaunce in strokes we may see.
That wo:thie Græke Achilles he, at Troian siege was slaine,
Two wo:thy Champions of renowne, lo, death is now their gainne.
Such is the force of Dolor fell, so fierce is he in fight,
That none on earth may him withstand, his powre is such, & might,
The brassen gates of Troian towne, they might not long endure,
When that Debilitie was come, to death then did procure.

Plutarchus
in Romana
historia ad
M. Vmiciū
sayth, that
one Titus
was slaw
Pompey,
but Polli-
chionicon,
that pong
Ptolomie
did cut of
his head,
and sent it
to Iulius
Cesar
thinking to
haue done
him great
pleasure,
but he was
therewith
verie sozie.

I minde also to nominate the wo:thie Romaine eake,
Pompey by name, which lost his head by Ptolomeus seate,
When Pompeius came vnto his Court, desiring him of ayde,
Forthwith he tooke from him his ring, and causde him to be slayde.
The lostie and couragious hart of wo:thie Hanniball,
Might not withstand the poysoned ring, to late for cure to call:
When he on finger once had set, then streight began his paine,
So ended he his life also, in earth his corps remaine.
Likewise Agamemnon he, by meane of his false wife,
Was slaine through Engist crueltie, and so bereft from life,
His long absence at Troian siege, did not hir like a whit,
Her lusty Mouth could not asswage, thus she to vice was knit.
The like sequele made an ende of Holofernes stout,
His tyrannie coulde not preuaile, nor eke his powre or rout:
By Iudith he to ende was brought, euen subiect vnto death,
After much mirth and iollitie, full sone he lost his breath.
That wo:thie Quene and Patron she, whose praise is without ende,
Did sake alwayes hir owne to saue, and countrie to defende.
With godly zeale and seruent minde, she to the Lord did call,
And he as Judge omnipotent, by hir destroyed them all.

¶

The trauailed Pilgrime

With hammer and with nayle that Cicera was slaine,
By Iahel she that worthy wife, whose fame shall still remaine,
Wherby the Israelites as then destroyde their mortall foes,
Loe, thus can God doe when he list, Debilitie disclose.
And Ioab with his dagger sharpe, did Abner pierce to hart,
When he thought least of present death, full soone began his smart:
Thus cankerd yre doth alwayes lurke, till he hath brought to passe,
Not fearing him whose fatall stroke, doth make him crye alas.
Goliath that Philistian, what got he by his strength,
By Dauid he was put to flight, for all his force at length:
It is not in the strength of man to doe what thinkes him best,
Therefore regarde the lawes of God, so shall you finde most rest.
Hammon he was iudgde by right, sith he a gallowes made,
Thereon to hang as reason woulde, for that he would enuade,
To rule and doe as he thought best, through pride he was detest:
And Mardocheus was preserue, for Hester loude him best.
Because he was both true and iust, and one that feared God,
Therefore she did preserue and keepe him from that cruell rod.
Who therfore seeks an others fall, doth oft himselfe diseale,
And seeks the like to come to passe, when naught may else appeale.
A thousand mo I could recite, if neede should so require,
But these I thinke sufficient, where reason hath desire.
God graunt all men the truth to loue, and so to run ech race,
In the supernall heighth aboue, to haue a byding place:
But such as will the worldlings feare, and not the Lorde aboue,
Be sure that such shall neuer see, the ioyes of life to proue:
Feare God and those that preach the truth, the other count as vaine,
And then be sure to rest in ioyes, when others shall in paine.
Vnderstanding saide to me, the fourth part is vnsene,
And things of worthy Memorie, which long agoe hath berne.
But for this time, this shall suffice, from hence we will depart,
And see that you in any wise, doe not forget in hart:
But rather see thou meditate, or contemplate in minde,
These worthy notes not to forget, as earst I haue assignde,
See that you do, your selfe employe, let Time not from you slide,
Encrease doe you languinitie, with Loue, your former guide.

C.).

And

Here Vnder-
standing gi-
ueth the
Authoz
charge to
be minde-
full of that
which is
shewed.

The trauailed Pilgrime

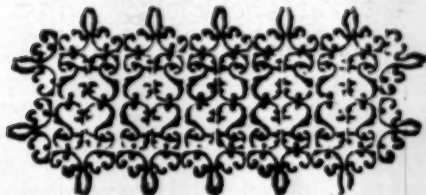
And so we came as friendes, from out of place where wee
Had long togethers communed, of eeh state and degre,
The house of Reason so it hight, where Iustice true doth bide,
Mercie and Compassion eke, not one from thence doth slide.
As we came forth with whole Iudgement and wise Consideration,
I pondred then what things I saw, by Wisedomes sage narration,
Displeasant gain delights to spring, with most assured doubtfulnesse,
With painfull pangues & dolefull care, appered then Disquietnesse.
Wicauise I had not seene the rest, a grieve it was to mee,
For that I thought the greater part in Time I might not see.
When that from out of place we were, amasse I was to thinke,
Of Dolor fell which would assaile, and with his force me linke.
Debilitie as then not neare, which made me lesse to feare,
He yet no part or shew therof, against me did bypeare:
And also Vnderstanding he, so saide to me his minde,
That if I would not from him start, no time would be vnkinde.
By me thou shalt know all the force, of fierce Debilitie,
And how he doth order mankinde, from eche state and degre,
And what the armor is that he, is fortified with all,
And at what time he doth subuert, and whom he first doth call.
Not one that feeble is and weake, his force may once abide,
No fort nor forresse may withstand, nor none may from him slide.
The sight of Banner once displayde, scarce one dares him withstande,
In no place where I erst haue bene, on sea and eke on lande.
When frosen harts with sonde desire, doe thinke to ouerrun,
Then Antropos like flaming fire vpon them some doth come,
Whose force is such, the time once past, the corps then comes to dust,
To irefull yre a boyling bath, loe, this is full discust.
The Spider labors still to make, a web to snare the flies,
So Sathan he attendant is, with falshode and with lies,
To catch in trap if that he can, and by what meanes to get,
The simple soule into his power, he daily layes his net.
When we thus ended had our talke, straight made I preparation,
My selfe to arme, I then thought best, auoyding desolation:
For all the haste I might not passe, till I had broke my fast,
By Reason he I tooke my leaue, departing so at last.

Here Vnder-
standing com-
forteth the
Authoz.

A thou

The trauailed Pilgrime

A thousande thanks I gaue him then, for my repast and chere,
And promist him assuredly, befoze him to appere,
At no time to forget the wordes, which he to me had sayde,
If I once might from daungers scape, which made me sore afrayde.
Thou Reader mark what this doth meane, from vice I do thee warne,
By figured shew thy life to mende, thy selfe to keepe from harne:
Although thou finde that seemeth straunge, as Dolor, Time, & Zeale,
Such messengers they represent, all vice they warne to qucle.
Debilitie doth signifie, the inward grieve of minde,
Which doth decrease through cruell thought, therto are most assignd:
Then Dolor he doth represent, the carking care of man,
Whose greedie minde seekes all to get, still doing what he can,
In all estates both hie and lowe, they loue so worldly mucke,
That when they shal depart this life, their sinne from life doth pluck:
The life I meane which lasteth still, in the supernall throne,
Where Gods elect in rest doth dwell, from all wo, grieve and mone,
Beare well in minde, all that is past, the better shalt thou knoe,
In that which restes for to be read, to rid thee from thy foe.



The trauailed Pilgrime

The Author by Reason taketh his iourney, and recey-
ueth the Speare of Regiment.



*Will, his horse no sooner feeling himselfe ready to iourney, beginnes to runne
in the fiede of Worldly pleasure, shewing himselfe so couragious, that
to staye his wilfull boldnesse the Author is sore vexed and
wried, yet at the length through much a doe,
the Author forceth him
to staye.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

Forthwith I leapt vpon my horse, which ready was prepaide,
 Will, hie hight, which fewe may rule, as earst I haue declarde.
 Thus being ready forth to iourne, he gaue to me a Speare,
 The which was shod with Regiment, my foes to quell and scare.
 Which friendly Reason willed me, and Vnderstanding eake,
 Both gaue me charge, in any wise, not once their laies to breake.
 Thus iournyng forth with courage good, till I espide a straight:
 The present Time, it called was, which mindes on none to wait.
 To some the way is large & brode, yea long ere they can finde
 The ende therof, such is their lot, by Loue about assignde:
 To other some both straight and short, and sone they come to ende,
 Lo, what is man to strue with Time: on Loue therfore depende.
 Marke well where riches doth abounde, the Time so steales awaye,
 And causes many in the ende, to perish and decay:
 Bicause that such haue more regarde, vnto the wordly mucke,
 And time once past to late to call, example of the Bucke,
 Which Elope long ago declarde, that praisde so much his hornes,
 So fell at strife with his final legs, that stright was fraid in thornes. *Elope fabula.*
 The yelping voice and sound of dogs, on sodaine made him start,
 And crabbed horns which he so praisd, both wrought his deeth & smart.
 Such men therefore as will not see, and haue regarde in time,
 May likened be to Elopes Hart, that at his legges did pine:
 Leane off therefore from vaine delights, least they at length you stave,
 And leade you from the way of life, to late then to dismaie.
 But sonde desired Wilfulnesse, oft thinks it ouerpass,
 When oftentimes he scarce doth touch, and he then at his last:
 Both pleasure and felicitie, from Time so fliekes awaye,
 Euen as the winde is left behinde, vnto their owne decaye.
 Thus leauing off from troublous thought, I gan againe to minde
 The iourney, which I toke in hande, and how I was assignde,
 Not once to stay till I had bene in euery land and cosse,
 Wherby that I such newes might bring, as well to least as moste.
 As I began to betw the fielde, my Horse then named Will,
 Began to run with such great force, no Dale he sparde nor Will,
 Till he attainde in middest of plaine, then gan him selfe to shake,
 My armes and handes so weried was, that straight began to ake:

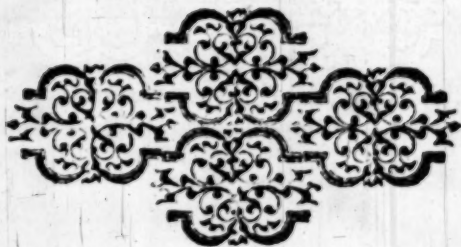
C.iiij.

As

Here the
 Authoz is
 carried by
 his horse
 Will, in the
 middest of
 the fiele
 called
 wordly
 pleasure.

The trauailed Pilgrime

As I behelde me rounde about, the first that I there sawe,
Was a knight with courage stout, of whome I stode in awe:
His standing was both stiffe and strong, well weaponed and sure,
With valiant courage me abode, in armour bright and pure.
With Trauaile he so armed was, his Horse was called Paine,
And Shielde also faire painted eke, with watch that doth disdaine,
The heaute minde and slumbering slepe, which oft on men doth fall:
Be ready therfore I you rede, regarde him that doth call.
His Cote was of a certaine Maile, the best and surest sure,
That could be founde by Suffrance, and constant Zeale most pure:
By semblant shew of his attire, some trauailer to bee,
Which from some battell was escape, as Reason sholde to mee,
As I behelde him thus, me thought it good to stay a time,
To see if that he would assayle, or vse vnlawfull crime:
As I thus musing with my selfe, to me he came amaine,
With courage stout his horse gan run, which earst was called Paine,



The trauailed Pilgrime

¶ Age here beginneth to make battaile with the Author,
in the fielde of worldly pleasure.



*The Author after long fight, yeeldeth him selfe to Age, and receyuetb his
counsell, promising to fulfill all such couenants, as Age hath gi-
uen charge withall, and so taking his leaue, pro-
ceedeth on his iourney.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

Forthwith my Speare I set on Rest, ech other strongly stroke,
That therewithall to ground we fell, & both our speares we broke:
The dent of stroke did not dismay so much our strength and might,
But that full quickly we arose, and strongly gan to fight,
Euen like vnto a valiant knight before me did bystart,
With falcon strong began to strike, wherewith he made me smart:
And I as yet not boyde from strength, with trunchion of my Speare
Let slie amaine with courage eke, not yet vanquisht by feare,
So long as Regiment, my Speare, did holde and was unbroke,
So long did I the valiant knight, keepe off by dent of stroke,
But when he by his puissance, my Speare had all to rent,
Then did decrease my former strength, which Ioue aboue had lent.
Thus fighting still he watched how, some mortall wounde to giue,
But I by Regiment did defende, that he me could not grieue:
His furiousnesse to me was such, that wonder was to see,
To recompence I shewed the same, amaine I strokes let see.
When he espide my courage so, that I toke no regarde,
A new assault he gan on me, that draue me to my warde:
His falcon strong and sharpe also, did me so much annoye,
That to defende then was I faine, my selfe so to employe.
Full many a stroke I did awarde, till all my Speare was rent:
I then was faine to draw my sword, yet loth for to relent,
Although he saide to vanquishe me, I did the best I mought,
Till he so strake vpon my head, that faine I was to stoupe.
This combat was in such sort fought, that nought remained whole,
Both flesh and armour sore was cut, thus Age doth deale his dole.
My shilde with strokes almost he claue, whercon was all my stape,
As yet he coude me not subuert, nor once my hope dismaye.
Thus eche of vs still laboured, the vtmost of our powre,
But lacking breath were faine to stape, the space of halfe an houre:
Full glad was I and he likewise, to leaue this cruell fight,
Till we attained had some strength, and so recouerde might.
As I thus breathing on the ground, full well then did beholde,
That grisly Age which we assaide, with countenance grim and bolde,
Then with my selfe I gan to muse, how I might know, where hee
Did most remaine, and in what cosse, as after you shall see.

With

The trauailed Pilgrime

With Loue so much enflamde I was, that streight to him I spake,
 O knight most worthy sayde I then, my loue to thee doe take,
 And shew to me if that thou please, thy name and eke thy place,
 And then as friendes we hope to gra, from yre, to ioyes solace.
 If thou wilt shew thy name to me, to satisfie my minde,
 Demaunde the like if thee it please, I ready am assignde,
 To shew to thee the like againe, graunt me now my request,
 And from henceforth thou shalt me finde, obedient vnto rest.
 He aunswerde me with heedsfull speech, with words most soft and wise,
 I am of royall blood discend, and wilfull youth despise,
 I am of more knowne on the earth, than euer Hector was,
 O Corrin stout which slew by might, the Giant tough as brasse,
 My proper name is called Age, the Register of Truth,
 Which notes the time of euery one, wherby great good ensuth,
 No force of youth may me withstande, although he doe excell,
 In Marshall scates and prowes eke, though thousands he doe quell.
 This plaine of Time, which thou art in, not one may ouergoe,
 But by my leaue and ayding helpe, therby the way to knoe,
 For he that thinkes from me to scape, his labour is in vaine,
 To striue with me he doth but get, great sorrow, grieve and paine.
 Perforce to me hey needes must come, there is no saying nay,
 Except they die in youthfull yeares, then come they not this way:
 What froward and malignant soule, would seme to striue with Age,
 When lustie youth I win with force, and make him serue as Page.
 And forasmuch as thou art now, thus fallen on my hande,
 Thy selfe in time doe yelde to me, thou mayst not me withstande,
 My puissant force thou soon shalt finde, if thou wilt not relent,
 An aunswere quickly therfore giue, least after thou repent.
 When he to me had sayde these words, me thought I felt as still,
 A remnant left of youthfull strength, whereby I fearde no ill,
 With that he gaue defiance stout, whereby I set no stoe,
 So gan the battaile much more fell, than all the time befoze.
 His Falcon honge did so me daunt, my Spere then being broke,
 When he on was grounded all my might, no more to giue a stroke.
 When thus my force was broken cleane, then gan I to dismay,
 Met fighting still the best I coulde, while Courage did me stay.

F. J.

And

Corineus
 came and
 arrived
 at the Ile
 of Cor-
 nell in
 Cornwall,
 and there
 in wast-
 ling, slew
 Gogina-
 gog a Gy-
 ant, which
 there inha-
 bited, as
 sayeth Bo-
 lychoni-
 con. &c. of
 Corineus
 came the
 name of
 Cornwall,
 and Cor-
 nishmen.
 Some af-
 firme that
 Cornwall
 came of
 Cornu a
 borne, be-
 cause it is
 fashioned
 like a horn
 in circuite
 or copasse,
 which
 may so be:
 but because
 the first is
 the older,
 I doe sup-
 pose that
 to be the
 truer.

The trauailed Pilgrime

And after this the easier, to bying me to decaye,
 Fro me he toke my shielde of hope, without further delay :
 By dent of Falcon valiant, so sore did me pursue,
 Without resistance at the length, by state of age I grue.
 Thus feeling in my selfe at length boty very weake and faint,
 Not able to continue so, his strokes me did restraint :
 To thinke vpon the youthfull race, and now to Age must bowe,
 With sobbing cares and inward thoughts, to Age I made a vowe:
 Requiring him to pardon me, and take me as his thrall,
 Thus faine was I my selfe to yelde, not knowing what would fall.
 To striue with Age I thought it vaine, then gan I straight to say :
 Require of me what you thinke good, I truly will it pay.
 With that he did withdraw himselfe, and ceased from the fight,
 And toke my Gauntlet of my hande, as conquered by right :
 Most louingly with semblant shewe, he toke me by the hande,
 And saide if I would ruled be, no foes should me withstande.
 For as the seruant ought by right, his Maisters words to keepe,
 So oughtest thou most faithfully, no iot from this to steere :
 If that thou be, then be thou sure, not periured to be,
 Let Aurea king Pircus wife, example be to thee.
 When that she saw Bellepheron would not to hir consent,
 She euer after sought by meanes, a mischief to inuent :
 And at the length she did complaine, and tolde the king in daide,
 That he accomplish would his will, by force he had decreide.
 But he like to a valiant knight, hir mischief did preuent,
 And so by Pircus was assignde, to fulfill his intent,
 Which was to kill a monster fell, and then pardoned to be :
 So sooth he sayde the place to finde, thus was their whole decre.
 Thus euery faithfull knight is bounde, by iustice and by lawe,
 To keepe in minde and to fulfill, and not to stand in awe.
 All promyses with right to keepe, the truth to ayde with might,
 For that pertaines as chiefe renoume, to euery worthy knight.
 No greater fame on earth may be, then Truth to beare the swaye,
 Therfore to Truth so bende thy minde, that is the surest waye.
 The promise made by true aduice, for no man doe forgoe,
 Then be thou sure at all assayes, to spoyle thy mortall foe,

Here the
 Author
 preideth
 to Age.

Bellephe-
 ron was
 a knight
 of Arges,
 and serued
 king Pir-
 cus: Aurea
 was wife
 to Pircus
 which
 sought the
 knights
 death, for
 not consen-
 ting to his
 adulterie.

Clue

The trauailed Pilgrime

Giue eare to mee and marke my wordes, and so kepe them in minde.
 That from henceforth thou prosper mayest, therto thy selfe incline:
 Such amorous and daintie Dames, that veneric doth seeke,
 From such see thou in any wise, no company doe keepe.
 And also those whereras their Lords by fraude their house doe keepe,
 With flatterie and eke Deceit, in no wise such doe græte.
 Arme thou thy selfe alwayes with Truth, and thereto giue delight,
 Then be thou sure frō such to scape, which Truth alwayes doth spite.
 There is no man that I accompt once reasonable to bee,
 That dreadeeth not such wicked thought, as thou full well shalt see.
 Therfore if that thou wilt attaine the state of worthie Age,
 At all times see thou doe refraine, from Cerberus seruage.
 The worthie state of wedlocke keepe, beware of Sathans snare,
 If not, be sure at length to waiepe, and eke to feele great care:
 For he that is desirous, eyther Mayde or Wife to soyle,
 Let him be well assurde that he, in hell therfore shall boyle.
 Let honest mariage thee suffice, and be therewith content,
 Then God will blesse both Youth & Age, with grace thee to frequent:
 The Zodomites destroyde were, bicause of filthy life,
 With teares lament thy former dayes, at such be still at strife.
 Both dede and thought let still be pure, from vice doe alwayes flie,
 Cast vice away behinde thee so, least in the ende thou die:
 On thy left hande doe thou it leaue, account it none of thine,
 And to my wordes haue god regarde, away from vice decline,
 From following of diuerse Courtes, I likewise doe thee warne,
 For where much people doe resort, there lightly breedeth harme:
 The olde Prouerbe is certaine sure, after dribling commeth hurt,
 So where much people doe resort, in some doth mischance lurke.
 A number sure haue bene decayde, whose yonthfull yeares haue spent,
 And all to get renowned fame, in Age awaye are sent,
 Though one among a hundreth, a shee haue got by paine:
 A thousand to that one, I saye, in base estate remaine.
 Climbe thou therfore so for renowne, with Reason and with Time,
 Therby to ioy in that thou hast, and boyde thy selfe from crime,
 For he that wades for dead mens shoes, may chance at length go bare,
 And when he thinkes to haue his fill, on bare walles he may stare.

Here I ge
 gineth his
 charge to
 the Au-
 thor.

The Po-
 etes haue
 feyned that
 Cerberus
 was por-
 ter of hell,
 hauing
 iij. heads,
 which
 heades
 were thre
 vices.
 couetous-
 nesse, mur-
 der, and
 lechery.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Where extreme pouertie doth dwell, there dolefull dayes are store,
Prouide therfore in time doe thou, that thou mayst haue the more.
Of meate and drinke and clothing eke, thy state for to supply,
For pouertie abhorred is, and naught of rich set by.
Beholde the Forrest of Lost time, take hede thou come not there,
For enter not in any wise, therof be thou in feare.
For he that loyters all his life, and mindes no art to learne,
Shall beare the bob in Disserds schoole, and grind in Momus querne,
To Idlenesse haue no desire, some practise put in v're,
And minde to liue as I haue taught, by Sapience sage demure,
In any wise Gods lawes obey, the better shalt thou liue,
To put in v're that I haue sayde, as Truth doth counsell giue,
Those things that yong men take in hande, concerning great renoune,
Is of their owne both cost and charge, if they in welth aboute:
The gallant greene and youthfull mindes, desires to bring to passe,
Aduenturing so long till some, therfore doe crie alas.
Take hede in time, the best way seeke, the more shall be thy gaine,
Thy bodie eke in strength shall grow, so lesse will be thy paine.
When that thou shalt haue cause to deale, in combats sharpe and fell,
Thou mayst thereby be able then thy foes full sone to quell.
If so it chaunce that thou decrease, not able to withstande,
Yet faint not thou in any wise, giue not distrust thy hande,
With seruent zeale and constant faith, thy selfe so yelde in time,
That thou therby thy soule mayst saue, and so be rid from crime,
Though all the fierie furies were, with Plutos rage in place,
And Osmodeus ready dight, yet naught could they deface,
What got the furious serpent fell, when he iust Iob did paine,
Could he therby obtaine his will? no, no, this is certaine:
The chiefest point which doth behoue, all men to keepe in deede,
Is perfect faith and Charitie, therein still to procede,
Now haue I sholued vnto thee, see well vnto thy charge,
Passe not the limits giuen to thee, row thou in no such barge.
I aunswerde him by seruent Age, his charge so to obserue,
That I at no time would forget, but with all powre conserue,
And kept so well his charge, that I at no time would detect,
With diligence and constant zeale, in no wise to neglect.

The Au-
thor agre-
eth to the
counsell
of Igo.

The trauailed Pilgrime

On that condicion sayde he then, take now thy leaue to goe,
Beware I saye, doe not forget, make not thy friende thy foe,
Ponder well all my precepts, the better mayst thou iourne,
A thousand streights thou needes must passe, and not againe retorne.
Straight waye from him I did depart, through the desert of Age,
When that my state discouered was, it forste me not to rage,
According to appointed Age, aduenture to obtaine,
I passed so the nighest wayes, with Will I rode amaine.
Thus as I rode I thought vpon the wo:thie Champion stout,
In that he did so friendly deale, with me when I came out:
Both horse and armour he me gaue, as friende and not as foe,
A Forget eke he did prepare, therby me still to knowe,
Which altered some what my state, when I graye heares espide,
And yet for all that, loth to leaue, had not bene nere my guide,
That Memorie so did me moue, my othe not to misuse,
That therewith nothing me dismayde, ne counsell to refuse.
Thus when Age, had all sayd his minde, and ended of his talke,
About his charge he did attend, and I from him did walke,
And I as one full bent to iourne, deuised then some song,
How I might keepe the promise made, and time I thought full long.
Incontinent I turned backe, in light cried I Age,
Within my face did then appeare, with countenance grim and sage,
To see him fro I thought it baine, therfore I did embrace,
And ioyfull then was of my state, though youth from me he chase.
As time did passe I rode me vp, vpon a mountaine hie,
The whole race there of all mankinde, full sone I did escrie,
I being thus aloft did muse, which way for to discende,
And sodainly I was conuaide, vnto the lower ende.
For in the life of man it is, more difficult to rise,
In climbing hie the rocke of Faith, God graunt that non: despise,
Full prone is man through Adams fall, and loth also to clime,
Or any paines to take in hande, wherby to boyde his crime.
As I began in all the haste, my wayes for to direct,
The desert huge did nere approche, the which I did detect,
And then like as the snayle consumes himselfe with creeping long,
In like estate my selfe nere brought, if I had further tlong.

The trauailed Pilgrime

I had not ridden, no great space, ere I with Thought was tost,
A crooked waye did me molest, wherein I neare was lost,
Without remembrance eke was I, of that which Age me tolde,
Had not Remembrance so me stayd, which something made me bold.
Then entred I into a path, which seemed much obscure,
Wherein Truth bore full low his sayle, Deceit was so demure:
Deceit o: Guile the path was callde, wherein many abode,
And is not scene till some be in, as after shall be showde.
Deceit so steales vpon a man, that scarce he can be ware,
And doth at length his state decrease, by sorrow, griefe and care:
For when a man puts confidence, on such as seemeth iust,
And is at length by them beguilde, then needes decrease he must.
A thousand wayes Deceit doth vse, the lande almost is his,
For Vsurie, his secreete friende, of fraude no time will misse,
These two as mates together are, and sworne so to Disceate,
That at the length for their rewarde, hote boyling Lead shall eate.
The grieuances that are not scene, they count them as a leest,
Therefore at length let such be sure, that God will them detest,
As I thus stride the waye to passe, most brancst sights I sawe,
Of flowers fresh and paintings eke, but yet not worth a strawe.
Deceit so did my minde delude, that shee almost me caught,
In showing then my youthfull race, that Age I set at naught.
Such saoured odours did I smell, that neare shee had me wonne,
Had not Remembrance brought to mind, what Age had new begon:
Straight waye there was reuealde to me, my lost and baine time spent,
And how that I almost had broke, the bow and firme intent:
My prisonment was oute of minde, and Ages friendship eake,
So nere was I beset with foes, to scape it made me sweate.
My pleasures past are all now gone, and all my youthfull race,
In steade of worthie dedes of armes, olde Senex peres in place,
That subtile slyngbraine Error he, so much amasde my minde,
Through his deuice my state forgot, bereft I was from kinde.
Straightways came forth an vgly wight, vaine Thought so was hir
Which changed so my former kind, therin was al hir game. (name
Both Pan and Momus so did strue, the starrie skies to rule,
Will Vain thought she, with cruel blasts, by force gan them recule.
Thus

The trauailed Pilgrime

Thus by their meanes transfo:med was, euen vpside downe my state,
And all that I in youth had done, they did abuse and hate.
Before that Age did me assaile, of naught I thought but youth,
And thinking sure vnpossible, by state to finde such ruth.
My horse went on vpon his way, without all dread or feare,
Of hill nor plaine had he regarde, aloft himselfe did reare:
So long I ioynde without regarde, I all brought out of frame,
That I knew not mine owne estate, nor how my selfe to name.
Thus vngde I was through vaine desire, the deserts forth to passe,
To such confusion it me brought, at length I cride alas.
Therefore to looke o: that you leape, I wish to all in time,
The day once past, to late to call, therefore to truth incline.
When that Consideration appeared with foresight,
Full shortly then I did escape, but not by force and might,
The shilde of faith did me defende, in midst of stormy showre,
Learne you I say that this shall reade, so may you best endure.
After all this I did espie, a place most delectable,
Where stode a palaice huge and great, both faire, yet variable:
The sight therof so did me moue, and eke the vtwarde showe,
That I thought sure no death at all, at no time would me knowe:
The walles therof were fabricate, and wrought with siluer pure,
The windowes were of Chrystall cleare, such was the furniture,
Within with golde bedect about, like Titans gliding beames,
Most like to heauen Imperiall, enuironed with streames.
The Tiles were Sagate pure and good, the pinnes of Corall red,
No mettall base there did appeare, as Iron, Brasse or Lead:
The gloming show and pulchritude did cause me much to muse,
Mine eyes were dim with looking on, my selfe so did abuse.
A thousand counterfeited showes, fresh Ladies fit for Pan,
In inward shape to Demon like, aloft sang now and than,
Whereby they d:ue a number sure, into most filthy life,
Werest at length from ioyfull state, vnto all wo and strife.
Thus ruffeling in their braue attire, with Champions fierce and fell,
Such guides God keepe from his elect, for they are fiendes of hell.
With trumpets and with minstrellic, so silyly did they play:
In gasing on my time nere lost, and scarce could finde my way.

f. iij.

The

The trauailed Pilgrime

The windes full calmely there did blow, me thought it did me ease,
Likewise to smell the pleasant fumes, a time did me much please,
In outward show it seemde to be, a place and ioyous rest,
Within all yre and crueltie, which doth the truth detest.
This building faire doth signifie, the world both fresh and gaye,
Which by his subtile practises, himselfe a time doth stave,
The Damselfs eke are vices fell, which doth mans hart infect,
Alluring such as with them mell, and so themselues detect.
In practising of vaine delights, thereto they giue their mindes,
And for to climbe aloft they hie, such would excell the windes,
But when they are aloft in daide, there vaine and carnall winges,
By heate of sunne constinnes awaye, with other dreadfull thinges.
Then Sathan he his trumpe doth blowe, which Horror called is,
For loye he skippes aloft in ayre to bew those that be his.
Thus haue shewed the full effect of this my simple minde,
Take well in worth, repent with spede, shew not thy selfe unkinde.
The lawes of God are manifest, thou neuer more were taught,
Beware therfore of fond desires, such trifles count as naught,
The olde Proverbe is certaine sure, the best doth longest endure,
The best in time therfore doe seeke, let deedes this put in bre.



The Author being caried by his horse Will to the palace of disordered liuers, seeing then the abuse of all vertues, and the maintenance of filthy luxuria, remembreth his promise made to Age, looketh in the glasse of reformation, straight taketh his iorney, forsaking vtterly those abuses.



The Author seeing Abusion of all ordered vertues, so deckt like a foolc, suspecteth that all the rest inhabiter, are no fit companions, concerning his promise to Age, leaueth all and departeth with Memorie.

G.i.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Now shall I shewe thee all the state, by order and decree,
 How euerie one in his attire themselves did shew to mee,
 But first of all their minstrelle, and then eche one by name,
 And how at length I did escape, whereby I got my fame.
 A Pilgrime right I may be callde, because I neuer rest,
 In seeking out on sea and lande, that which may like me best:
 The straunge report of Autho:rs olde, so much enflamde my minde,
 That I therewith euen forced was, the Indian lande to finde,
 From ship to lande, my selfe to ease, great combats did I fight,
 Till Antropos at length me met, and so bereft of might.
 Unto my matter taken in hande, I purpose now to goe,
 And so forth on vnto the ende, my voyage straunge to shew.
 A thousand soundes of instruments most musically I harde,
 Whose harmonic was callde Deceit, in eche degree preparte,
 A number there began to daunce, Deceit so did them please,
 With skippes aloft they gan to friske, although to some small ease.
 Deceit so finely did set forth, his dulcent harmonie,
 That me almost she had nere caught, into his companie:
 A while me thought no pleasure like, might be compared sure,
 Orpheus he for all his mirth, might not with these endure.
 Who sought his wife full many a day, in Hell where Pluto king,
 Helde him as his, till he by mirth, from thence apace did bring:
 But ere he was all daungers past, not minding no Deceate,
 That Pluto he toke him againe, he wrought this craftie scate,
 Thus as I nere approcht the gate, a Porter there I sawe,
 Which called was Abusion, of whome I stode in awe,
 But when I knew his force and strength, then straight to him I spake
 Desiring him to aunswere me, which he did not forsake.
 Saying, this pallace faire and fresh, wherein so many are,
 Is verie straunge for me to tell, thus he began to share,
 With loftie chere, but scorning voice, those which thou seest aboue,
 I tell thee plaine is vile Delight, the place is called Loue.
 It hight the loue of worldly welth, with pleasures of the same,
 Thus haue I showed thee all the state, wherein they still doe game:
 His words me moued to retire, not once to minde such loue,
 But vile desire did what she could, and thereto did me moue.

Pluto son
 to Sa-
 turne, the
 Poets sci-
 ned that he
 was the
 diuell of
 Hell.

The trauailed Pilgrime

To enter in among the rest, she did me much procure,
 With struing I sure feeble was, not able to endure.
 Good Memorie did me defende, which vnto life do runne,
 And charged me to flie desire, as I had earst begonne.
 Forthwith was showed to me a glasse, wherein I saw full clere,
 The former facts that I had done, as well those past as nere.
 Within that glasse espide I Age, which noted well my trade,
 And frowning browes to me he bent, alwaye consumde as shade :
 Bicause I did so small regarde, mine othe and promise iust,
 He shewed himselfe most wrathfull still, euen bent to bate my lust,
 So soner I graye heares espide, and face with wrinkles full,
 My youthfull courage then decreased, so thus did Age me pull.
 Yet Lust and eke Concupiscence, assaulted me so sore,
 By their attempt I scarce could get, then languisht I the more,
 In sorowes fell and deadly thoughts, had not Remembrance bin,
 No way coude I escape them sure, from that allured sin.
 But Memorie declarde to me, such words of liuely force,
 That streight to hir I did incline, and yelded straight my corce,
 As one full bent no more to straye, hir counsell did I craue,
 And she forthwith did show full plaine, which way my selfe to saue.
 No man that liueth on the earth, may sinne so from him moue,
 Therfore to suffer paines thou must, so doth it thee behoue:
 For Sathan he will tempt thee still, and doe the best he can,
 To trap thee fast in deadly sinne, such is his trade with man.
 Therfore in time doe call to minde, alway will go thy youth,
 And seeke those things that will thee saue, for troubles oft ensuth :
 Disturbe not once thy memorie in thngs that passe thy wit,
 For who doth so, by fraude is caught, for thee it is vnsit.
 And albeit Concupiscence and Lust doe thee assaile,
 Refraine them still, then be thou sure, in time thou mayst not quayle.
 When I had well behelde them both, then did I vnderstande,
 Their counsels tolde to be deceit, and foes to euerie lande.
 Forthwith I called Memorie, wherein stode all my stafe,
 Desiring hir me to excuse, from Lust I toke my waye,
 If any of these errors fell, doe after me inquire,
 Say that you know not where I am, let them returne with yre.

By the
 corse, the
 Authoz
 meaneth
 the whole
 state of the
 earthy
 man, bring
 corrupted
 in sinne.

G.ij.

Thus

The trauailed Pilgrime

Thus in the ende all was but vaine, that Lust doth take in hande,
 That Memorie by sundry wayes, releast me from their bande,
 From them she did me still defende, and brought me in plaine way,
 For ioy therof I did reuiue, thus was she still my stay.
 With courage then I toke in hande, from wilfull fraude and guile,
 Wherein I saw no reason was, at those I gan to smile,
 Deceit and Guile fast brydeled were, for knowing any good,
 In deserts drie I left them all, and Reason by me stood,
 Who bade me say, adewe sonde loue, now bid I thee farewell,
 God graunt that I, nor no man else, desire with hir to mell,
 Considering hir vaine estate, and hir deceitfull loue,
 To quietnesse my hart I set, sonde loue no more to proue.
 Not one estate that she regards, if she in them beare swaye,
 Who list or will know hir therfore, sure breeds his owne decaye:
 By Reason doe thy selfe content, let Vnderstanding guide,
 For they are those whose beautie shines, surpasse the worlde wide.
 The mightie Loue that sittes on hie, full well all states doth be we,
 The verie secretes of mens hartes, oft times he chaunges a newe,
 If that in time they doe repent, with faithfull minde in dede,
 He ready is vs to forgiue, and that with seruent speede:
 Forth on my vovage ioined I, with will and good intent,
 My faithfull promise to fulfill, by Ages commaundement,
 Thus as I rode by Dale and Hill, I ganne my way to bew,
 And straight appered I in sight of Age before I knew.
 Where I on sodaine was beset, with sights both huge and straunge,
 The aire full dimme began to shine, a show of state to chaunge:
 The earth began to tremble eke, it made me quake for feare,
 Infections forth also gan flie, which did much empeare,
 With miseries replenished with carefull paine and grieve,
 No lande it is of profite sure, wherein doth rest reliefe,
 For paine to paine there doth resort, ech other so doth paye,
 Thus wearied Age in barren lande, a time doth beare his swaye:
 The trees that there are, beares no fruite, so barren is the grounde,
 But thornes sharp which sore doth grieue, there sorowes doth abound
 Nothing at all that beareth tast, a dungeon like it is,
 Most tenebrous withouten light, yet se we that lande doth misse.

By wea-
 ried Age
 is meant
 the vnpro-
 fitable
 time spent
 the state of
 Age is
 barren,
 when
 there is no
 fruits of
 good life
 appearing.

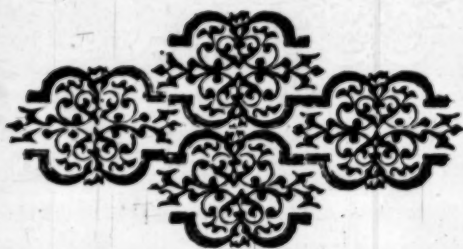
Most

The trauailed Pilgrime

Molt ruinous this place is sure, there dolors doe increase,
Of vitaille eke there cometh none, whereby Age to release:
The Well springs there full bitter are, and called Violation,
So were the named sinnes their first state, of darkned inclination,
No sunne nor Moone there doth appere, no light at all is seene,
No goodnesse there may haue recourse, beware such trap or grin,
Dispaire, Dispraise, Dildaine and Ire, so rules this place or lande,
That Loue & Truth with cōstant Zeale may not in these gells stād.
No place at all once Helth to finde, he will not there abide,
Nor Gladnesse she may not be seene, if wrath hir once haue spide,
This vacant lande that barren is, euen froward Age doth show,
Which ruled is by fonde desire, ouer such Gods wrath doth flow.
An other Ilande yet there is, not farre from Violation,
Infirmitie also it hight, most full of perturbation,
Decrepitie there bends his sayle, so long as aire giues breath,
And in the ende preuayles so trim, that health he turnes to death.
As yet I came not in that place, but sure I felt the smell,
Which represents to me my state, as Time full well can tell,
To thinke thercon it doth me feare, with tremblings low I quake,
For that I know the count is great, that I to Loue must make.
Full sore I languish in my hart, for to see the worlde nolue,
Without regard of life to come, from thence they bende and bolue,
A number nundes no life I trow, ech man himselte doth loue,
And to relieue þ worse they grudge, no threats their minds may moue
Our weakenesse and infirmitie, no lasting lyfe can get,
On what then doth man hope vpon, himselte he doth but let:
For while he striues to get renowne, the thred of life is cut,
On sodaine thus he leaues behinde, that he so much did glut.
Beware of fonde desired life, of Ill will and Dispaire,
For they as Waters togither are, and Atropos chiefe aire,
Those three doth bring a double death, I say therfore beware,
Their path doe sle, receyue them not, nor rols with no such fare,
No kinde of benefit there is, that may compare to health,
If it be such as euill holdes, then breeds it but small wealth,
No euill is on earth certaine, of nomination small,
But if that thou employe to it, will be a plague mortall:

The trauailed Pilgrime

The life of man may likened be, vnto a barren lande
With oughten people it to till, or there to liue and stande,
Which lieth so all ouergrowne, with Bzemble, Bzier, and Thorne,
So man deuopde from vertues grace, by Dæmon straight is to:ne.
Auopde therfore the path of ire, feare not Debilitie,
Decrepitie, nor none of his, may stay eternitie:
Yelde thou thy selfe with all thy griefes, to the eternall king,
And call for grace while thou hast space, to Loue he will thee bring.



The trauailed Pilgrime

By the aged or olde man traueling in the wood, is signified the
desert of Age, that is, when youth is consumed, and the vi-
tall powers decreased, mans time is nothing else
but paine of body possessed with Dolor and
Debilitie, still looking for the last
combat, which is
Death.



*In the desert of Age there is no going out, decrepite or consumption of the body may
not escape the prefixed time appointed. Also the Ashw goeth further, being
not yet come to Decrepitie, and sheweth of certaine combats done by
diuers valiant Champions, as followeth.*

⁷ *The trauailed Pilgrime*

The life of man may likened be, vnto a barren lande
Which oughten people it to till, or there to liue and stande,
Which lieth so all ouergrowne, with Weemle, Wyer, and Thorne,
So man deuoyde from vertues grace, by Damon straight is to:ne.
Auoide therfore the path of ire, feare not Debilitie,
Decrepitie, no: none of his, may stay eternitie:
Yelde thou thy selfe with all thy griefes, to the eternall king,
And call for grace while thou hast space, to Loue he will thee bring.



The trauailed Pilgrime

By the aged or olde man traueling in the wood, is signified the
desert of Age, that is, when youth is consumed, and the vi-
tall powers decreased, mans time is nothing else
but paine of body possessed with Dolor and
Debilitie, still looking for the last
combat, which is
Death.



*In the desert of Age there is no going out, decrepite or consumption of the body may
not escape the prefixed time appointed. Also the Author goeth further, being
not yet come to Decrepitie, and sheweth of certaine combats done by
diuers valiant Champions, as followeth.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

These
 combats
 were
 fought in
 the vale of
 ignorance,
 being in
 the midst
 of the land
 called lost
 time.

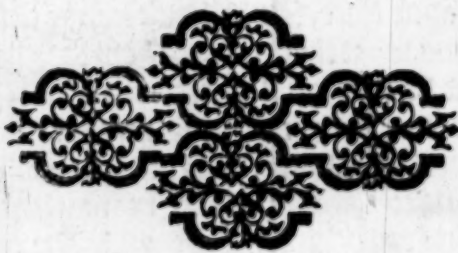
As I thus was in the desert, from Age no way to flye,
 I thought then best with him to stape, so stode I him fast by,
 Thus with my selfe I did agree, with Age to be content,
 So with I those, that Age will see, least after they repent.
 But yet a number I did see, that Age did much disdain,
 In painting out their faces gaye, and woulde not thence refraine,
 Till Age decreast so much their state, by force he made them yelde,
 For w:ath therof they did proclaime, to combat in the fælde.
 Dame Daintie first began the byople, by Ignorance assent,
 Which hoped sure poore Age to kill, this was hir whole intent,
 Full fast on rest she set hir speare, on Pride, she rode amaine,
 Therby she thought so Age to feare, thus did she him disdain,
 By graue assent he did retire, a time to see when shee,
 Would leaue hir pye, and go hir waye, or vnto him agree:
 Dame Littlewit when that she sawe, that Age gan to retire,
 With baine Beautie on Age she strake, in hope of hir desire.
 But when he had got all these Pates togethers on a rowe,
 Then he let lie, Time past and gone, and made them him to knowe:
 This combat sure was maruelous, it caused me to smile,
 To see those soles so trimly deckt, themselves deceyued by guile.
 Thus were they faine so:thwith to yelde as captiues vnto Age,
 And to leaue off their sonde attire, for all their force and rage,
 Dame Flatterie with haste came in, with worldly pleasures fine,
 Recettes for Dames therwith to paint their parched face to shine.
 Dame Meretrix with brodered heares, a wooden face she had,
 For nothing she ashamed was, Luxuria so hir clad:
 With irefull voice she gan to rayle, for losing of hir Pates,
 And brought with hir Dame Flingbraine so, w many other states.
 Whose names I minde so to recite, in order if I can,
 That all that reads this booke maye know, those furies to withstand,
 Dame Ire and Idell louing Pates, Dame Discord and Pickthanke,
 Beldame Coy, and maistresse Nice, with Prater sauce and cranke.
 These hoped sure a fresh to fight, they did their verie best,
 But all in vaine, such was their gaine, he them so long opprest,
 That they were faine by cruell paine, of force he made them bow,
 Thus were they forced to lie amaine, fro youth they knew not how.

The trauailed Pilgrime

So fonde desire of Brainsick soles oft breeds their owne decay,
When they in time will not forsee, but follow still their way.
The enuious sole seeks still to strue, yea though he haue the worse,
Decreasing still his owne estate, and goes with thred bare purse.
Where Prodigalitie doth raigne, and fonde Suberbittie :
With such as may no state maintaine, such breeds their miserie.
The one by large expence consumes the whole his father got,
The other he aloft doth loke from vertue sure a blot.
Of cancred deede and filthie life they practise with such toles,
That Ignorance shall sure them dub, to Vicar of Saint Icoles,
His Parisheners and friendly mates, whose ende is dolefull wo.
Except in time they doe forsee, some other path to go.
So long they stroue till Age them caught, by force he made them bowe,
And Youth so saw his state decrease, to Age he made a bowe,
Thy course so runne on boysterous seas, too high hope not thy sayle,
Let Reason rule, so mayst thou best at all assaies preuaile.
What craft on earth can Age beguile, if man long time remaine,
Where once he comes such hold he takes, y none may him refraine,
Till death appeares, which brings the ende, so long is he his guest,
Euen to the graue he doth all bring, a time the bodie rest.
Now to declare the ayre state, some what I minde to saye,
Of all Complexions what they are, and how they do decaye.
Sanguine fierce and valiant, as Autho:rs doe declare,
Melancholy full of ire, with bodie leane and bare.
In Choler he full grosse doth ware, as grim as Bacchus grace,
And flegmatike no colwarde is, where he may hide his face.
But where these foure in one are knit, by noble Nature shew,
There for a time the bodie spredes, euen as the herbe or tree.
But when these signes do disagree, and Sperma doe decrease,
Then streight begins to putrifie, the inner parts and grease:
To dyinesse then the bodie growes with parched hands and skinne,
And so continues to the ende, but Youth no more can winne.
Who woulde not trauaille all his life such science for to knoe,
As able is to rid from strife this carcasse bare and woe :
The state it selfe is nothing sure, full soone doth vade away,
No earthly thing doth long endure, but once he doth decay.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Why then is man so loth to goe, this fickle life to leaue,
Sith he so well the state doth know, he doth himselfe deceaue :
The pompeous state and worldly welth, doth many mindes so blinde,
That when they should accomptes repay, most farthest are behinde,
The Birde that in the Cage doth sing, sometimes both shrill and cleere,
In ayrie skye with better note, as doth full well appere,
Bicause his kinde is there to be, if he the Cage may scape,
Most ioyfull then beginnes his laye, no more for feare doth quake.
But mans regarde is nothing so, the Cage of sinne to sit,
The greater plague doth oft ensue, when that the poore doth crie,
For many, gods so well doth loue, they care not how they get,
So they may haue to serue their mindes, their whole desire is set.
To matters full of iollitie, and netwes both straunge and rare,
I minde to tell with modestie, no more for thought to care.
Harke now beginnes my whole pretence, though rude in eare it sound,
Yet doe not laugh till all you know, least you your selues confound :



The trauailed Pilgrime

The Author and Memorie passeth the felde of worldly pleasure, and after talketh of the dreadfull combats not yet scene.



Will his Horse as yet nothing tired, for all his long trauaile in the felde of worldly pleasure.

The trauailed Pilgrime

As I behelde this combat great, twixt Age and all his foes,
And how they thought him to resist, as straight I shall disclose:
And eke had betwixt the barraineſſe of all this ioyleſſe lande,
With all the incommodities that therein ſtill doe ſtande,
And eke how many youthfull ſtates began him to reſiſt,
Although no power at all was theirs, ſo long for to perſiſt.
And when as I had viewed his lande, ſo caſt in Ilands twaine,
Infirmities and Wearineſſe, as named they remaine,
With all their ſcarcitic full bare, and withered place to ſee,
And violations bitter ſtreames, approaching faſt to mee:
I was ſo much appalde in minde, I wiſt not what to thinke,
That forced I ſhould be ſo ſoone, of Ages Cup to drinke:
To thinke vpon my youthfull ſtate, it grieved me apace,
Conſidering that my betwixt now, Age ſhould be ſo ſoone deſace.
Then as alone I rode full ſure, appointed for to fight,
With ſpeare made apt, for Horſemens courſe al harnelleſſed ſo bright.
As quite deſpairing of my ſelfe, I ſoone hung downe my head,
And rode amaleſed withouten ſpirite, as one that were halfe dead:
Cſpying that no ſpeare ne ſhilde, coulde ſaue me from ſuch ill,
For long experience coulde reſiſt, that withered Ages will.
Now entering the dale of two alone my ſelfe ſo ſad,
I gan lament my ioyleſſe hap, in ſorowes then ſo clad.
I looke about if hap I could, ſome other might eſpie,
That would haue taſted of the Cup, of Age, as well as I,
And ſtaring long none I could beſee, of high nor low degree, (mee.
Then quite diſmaide I thought ſuch chaunce, ſhould hap to none but
Well forth I rode with trembling corps, and face both wan and pale:
So entering in the hollow cane, and way to Ages dale,
With troubled braynes of wryt bereft, and ſame a quaking hart,
That ſo alone I ſhould of force, ſuſtaine ſuche cruell ſmart:
Alas ſayde I haue I alone, deſerued ſo to be,
Still looking rounde on euery ſide, if any I could ſee.
Then thought I ſure to turne agayne, and ſcape that crooked way,
I gan to raine ſtoute Will my horſe, as meaning there to ſtay,
And backe agayne to take my courſe, ſo:thwith to pleasures ſeilde,
Unto whole grace, I had ſuppoſed, my body for to yeilde:

And

The trauailed Pilgrime

And neuer so to come agayne in perill of such wo,
If hap I could escape the pathe, of Ages Iland so :
But when I would haue raynde my horse, and so escaped out :
I sawe no way that I mought take, I put you out of doubt.
My horse was then with me dismayde, and so began to reele,
Sith he no path of stable ground, nor sitting sure could feele :
There was no comfort to be reft, but too and much distresse,
Sith none I could espie, that might to me the path expresse :
Then mourning in my inward minde, I wisht I had gone still,
Forth on my way to Ages dale, that he had had his will :
And that I mought soone haue bene spent, and Age of me beguilde,
When hollow graue, with bloudie bones, of me should be defilde.
And not in such a Labyrinth, of endlesse woes to wende,
As I had found in such a case, not hauing any ende.
Well : yet I thought some way to finde, and spurres I set to side,
Then leapt my horse and plunged soze, a pace forth on to glide.
And labouring full long therein, at last he founde the trade
That earst before were turned backe, in iourney we had made :
And then apace we went forth right, soze trembling and afraide,
In desert place so comfortlesse through which I was dismayde.
And thought as then to peeke my selfe to Ages salt alone,
For all this while to take my part I sure espide none,
Till at the last when all my hope was well nigh gone and spent,
I cast my head aside : and lo, in path where as I went,
Dame Memorie againe spide, I which late from me was gone,
And when she saw me she made haste, to come to me anone :
She markt my chere, how sad I lookte, and asate me of my chaunce,
Oh Madame Memory sayde I, in case of great grauaunce.
For as I deeme this is the way, to Ages soylelesse Dale,
To thinke vpon, therewith it makes my face both wan and pale :
Sith I alone must runne this race, to desert in such haste :
And that none else I can espie, of it with me to teste.
But when she hard me make such mone, and inward growng griefe,
She vttered wordes of comfort strong, to me for my reliefe :
She bade me chere and not dismay, ne yet to make such mone,
And then she proued by Argument, I should not go alone.

The trauailed Pilgrime

She made relation vnto me, as we rode forth a pace,
How many goodly wightes before, had runne that crooked race,
And yet bicause I should not faynt, I le ride with the she sayde:
And keepe you company a whyle, therefore be not asrayde.
And as we rode she ganne reherse, to me in lostie stile,
Whose comely iecture made me glad, when often she did smile,
How many kings and Princes eke, to fore that iorney came:
At home after this we shall expresse, as she did truely name.
To my great ioye and comfort then, hir company I did keepe,
Whose mery tales and stories true, would neuer let me sleepe,
But all the wordes of Memory, which there I marked well:
Of which I meane to make discourse, and out of hande to tell.



The trauailed Pilgrime

Here the worthy and victorious King, Henry the eyght, defendeth hym for a tyme against Debilytie, and lyke a prudent Prince most princely, yeeldeth to his iudgement, after long fight had with Debilitie.



Valauncie the Harolde, rideth before the King, and biddeth the Combat, being first moued thereto by Dolor and Debilitie.

The trauailed Pilgrime

First that I should not all dispaire, and loth my wearied life,
She named certaine vnto me, which I remember rise,
As Adam, Noe, and diuers moe, Dauid and Salomon,
Hector, and Caesar, Iulius, and other many one :
As Pericles, and Priamus, and Polymon of Grece,
Hercules and Iason stout, which wan the golden flaxe,
Atreus and Agamemnon, with diuers worthie Wightes :
As Alexander Macedon subiect to fatall sightes.
Some vnto age, and some in youth by Attropos consent,
To haue the vitall thredes cut off, and yet to be content.
And therfore thou, quoth Memorie, thinke not thy selfe so strong,
To put thy trust in Will thy horse, thy dayes for to prolong.
He faint to be woldes Ages gate, and palace of distresse:
Quoth she to me, for straunger newes, yet can I well expresse.
And at the last forth riding still, sayd she, cast by thine eie,
And then forthwith a desert plaine, I gan for to espie,
Where nothing grew but withered trees, & parched grasse on ground,
And ruinous as I behelde, it seemed to be rounde:
At one side late one full of bones, withouten flesh or skin,
With Scepter crown, & robe like clay, with trone all carued within.
And him before a Champion stoute, his Haralde sure he was,
With Cote of Armes as he did giue, loe thus it came to passe:
And on the right hand of the plaine, I saw a worthie King,
In complete Harnesse meete to fight, preparde in euery thing,
Like Alexander in his heighth, resembling Hesters grace,
Or like Achilles he did seeme, then marching on a pace:
A ken before him was a Wight, in complet harnesse thoe,
And horse well barbed vnder him, his puissance to shoe.
With Speare in hande to giue thassault, as seemed vnto me,
A Harolde then went from the king, most gorgeous for to see,
And did ambassage from his Grace, vnto the Champion stout,
Whose challenge was to fight, as seemed by trauising about,
Then a late I Memorie what he meant, and of the plaine by name,
And full curteously forthwith, to me did show the same:
The selfe quoth Memorie so bare, is wildernesse of Death,
Where euery mortall wight is foorse to leaue his vitall breath.

It

The trauailed Pilgrime

The bonny corpes that thou doest see, is Death that puissant Prince,
 Which with his finall Scepter doth, all earthly things conuince:
 The Champion that before him is, Defiance sure is hight,
 Who bilipendeth all estates for Death his Paister right.
 The king quoth he in harnesse set, so bolde in lyuely grace,
 Is Henry stoute of Englande king, the eyght of name and place:
 Which wan such balvant battailes strong, & forrein towncs laid wast,
 Which rulde by prudent skill so well, and pollitique forecast.
 Which brought all nations vnder feare, of his high maiestie,
 Which made all forrein powers to quake, through magnanimitie.
 Which first began as Iosua did, Gods foes for to dispoyle:
 The same is he which first of all, gaue Antichrist the foyle.
 Which brake the neck of Papistrie, and gaue a deadly wound,
 Vnto the Passe that romishe Hell, that did our soules confound.
 The same is he which first set to, to breake the romishe clowde,
 And first to sounde the Trumpet blast, of Gods true worde alowde.
 Which first defied the banning Pope, and all his Bulles of lead,
 And he which first denied the Pope, to be the supreme head.
 Which wanne himselfe preheminence, by courage stoute and bolde:
 And first began the Romishe clayme, and tytle to withholde.
 And did by Target bright of faith, the Popes high curse receaue,
 And washing of the same gan first, on Christes truth to cleane,
 Which staide the Popes reuenues here, and puld the Abbeyes downe,
 And spoyle the Romishe lubbers all, which lurkte in euery towne.
 The same is he which did commaunde, Gods pastors for to preache,
 And gaue them leaue in Popes despite, Gods holpe worde to teache.
 The same is Henry sure the eyght, whose fame is first in skie:
 Whose trumpe victoriously doth sound, whose conquest can not die.
 The which before him is, quoth shee, Debilitie by name,
 The Champion stout of Death so pale, it is the verie same:
 He makes the way and winnes the fildes by weakenesse in his kinde,
 Death doth triumph by his great force, as daily we may finde.
 The Harolde of the King, to him, is Valiauncie in dede,
 Who goeth to know the Champions minde, & what he hath decreede:
 Whose aunswere is that he must needs for all his fame relent,
 And vnto Death with all the reast as first to be content.

The Ha-
 rolde that
 sweareth
 Deaths
 Cote with
 bones, is
 called De-
 fiance.

Here be-
 gunneth
 the Com-
 bat twice
 these two
 baliant
 Champi-
 ons. Debi-
 litye and
 the worthy
 King Hen-
 rie the eight.

The trauailed Pilgrime

I sure am he which Philip Que, and Alexander bothe,
Darius and that Ptholome, though they were very lothe:
So forth we went, and she with chere, bade harken to hir talke,
For she would shew me more than this, quoth she, as we do walke.
Then spurres I set to Will my horse, our iourney to passe on,
What chaunced after this, I shall declare to you anon,
To haste on waye, apace we rode, till at the length we came,
Into that vale of restlesse time, which so is calde by name.
That King in courage was so stout, against that Champion bolde,
That scarce he could, the challenge made, his fingers from him hold,
For he was not afraide to passe the seas with all his hoste,
And bid his foes the battell stoute, in their owne lande and cosse.
He feared not to pitche his Campe in hart of sozreine lande,
And battell wage with enemies force, yea, even hand to hande,
At last Dame Memorie lookte back, and straight she bade me say,
And there I saw a worthy fight, as truth I will display.
Debilitie the challenge gaue, and Death in iudgement sat,
But yet this worthy King did shewe no blushing face therat:
Then came Defiance with a scroule, thou king sayd he, take harte,
Debilitie shall thee conuince, and vanquish thee with speede.
Though many Kings thou hast dismayde, with that thy manly face,
And made thy foes abashed oft in presence of thy grace,
Yet thinke thou not vs to withstande, yelde therfore if thou wilt,
Least hap condemning long, thy dayes with wearinesse be spilt.
The Champion now Debilitie or Weaknesse is by name,
At this triumphantly reioysse, as glad to heare the same,
Then sent the King stoute Valiauncie, ambassage for to tel,
That he wel knew their courage bold, should not his power yet quet:
He yet will yelde at thy proude boast, though hoied heares he haue,
It is not thou with all thy bragges, that canst him yet deprave:
With that the Champion made his course, & eke the King him met,
Then was the sight full cruelly betwene them fiercely set.
Their fierie strokes and dreadfull blowes abasht my fearfull eyes.
I thinke the sounde of them was heard aboue the lower skyes,
At last they paused for breath, well nie both being quite dismayde,
Till iudgement came from Thanatos, a while they stontly stayde.
The

The trauailed Pilgrime

The sentence definite was this, as I could vnderstande,
The winde so bare away the sounde, that it could scarce be scande.

Omnia mortali mutantur lege creata,

All things created must chaunged be by mortall law no doute,
Therefore in vaine thou valiant King, art thou so highc and stoute :
Abase thy selfe, he must conuince, yet now these wordes descrie,
Mori non turpe est, sed turpius mori :

It is not filthie for to die, his file must cut the threde,
But filthily to die, that same is filthinesse in dede.

When as the King had heard these wordes, he gan for to recite,
His noble actes which he had done, that might him then requite.
So might sayde he, no strength ne fame, triumph nor victorie,
Can me resist, which am the Prince of fatall destinie.
With that the King began againe, a stroke or two to fight,
But soone he was by weakenesse spoylde, and boide of courage quite :

Lo, sayde Dame Memorie to me, this Pageant didst thou be to,
All lightes must suffer this consist, by destinie most trew.
First Age, then eke Debilitie, and Death must sure extende,
As of this King, so of the rest, in time to make an ende:
Dispaire not thou, quoth she to me, for yet I will thee shew,
Of mo that suffered haue this sight, whom thou didst truely know.

Take speede quoth she, and ride apace, and so we did no doute,
Till we the sight of the bare fildc, had wholly passed out:
And then I aske Dame Memorie, if I might make report,
Of that Combat which I had sene, there tride in such a sort.
Yea, quoth she, feare it not to tell, for doubtlesse this is trew,
King Henrie was a King full stoute, as all men then well knew,
Which raigned thirtie seauen yeares, as Chronicles doe tell,
And did in Marcell prowes then, all other farre excell.

And yet at last with Dauid King and Salomon his sonne,
With Iosaphat and Iosias, his strength must nedes be donne,
And so must all mankinde likewise, sayd she, there is no way,
Of fatall stroke there is a meane, to make a perfitte stay.

Though long they liue as Nestor did, or as Methusalye,
Yet once the time approaches neare, wherein they nedes must dye:
And therfore sayd she thinke thou still on Death and on thine ende,
And thou shalt keepe thy life so straight, that thou shalt not offende.

The trauailed Pilgrime

This talke we had as we did ride, with much more I confesse,
Which were to long, it to recite, if I shoulde it expresse.
When we on way had iournayed long, in Times most pleasant felde,
To other talke Dame Memorie addrest hir selfe to yelde.
Approching neare vnto a plaine, of goodly pasture greene,
Where many thinke of right good praisse, were plainly to be seene:
But when we were now entring in, she bade me then prepare,
To see and heare the chaunce and truth, wherof I now declare.



The trauailed Pilgrime

The Author and Memorie riding forward in the felde called
Time, stayeth in the midst thereof behol-
ding euery state there as-
sembled.



The valiaunt Prince and King addressed with Valiancie his Harolde,
to bia defiance against Dolor and Debilitie, Thana-
tos being iudge.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Lorde Thanatos in Throne I saue, as Prince of deadly chere,
And eke defiaunce still him by, as playnely did appere:
Then asked I of Memory, what ment him there to be,
He ruleth all the earth she sayde, as playnely thou shalt see.
And there in iudgement is he set, and iudgement to display,
Twixt two Champions that thou didst beholde this other day.
With that I harde a deadly sounde, as seemed of Trumpets blaff,
The noyse whereof euen dullde my spirites, and made me sore agast.
Faint not, quoth Memory to me, ne dread this deadly sounde,
For now preparing is for fight, as I did earst expounde:
At last out of an hollow Caue, came one so stoute and braue,
As though he would within an houre, all mortall lightes depaue.
On sturdy steede in harnesse bright, and Helmet deckt with plume,
His countenaunce shewde that he would soone, all humane strength
His lostie gate made me to thinke, on him I saue before, (consume:
This same is he quoth Memory, muse thou on it no more.
This same is stoute Debilitie, that Champion blythe and strong,
Which thou shalt see to winne the field, before that it be long:
And lo sayde she, cast by thine eye, on thother side the hill,
Forthwith approached straight in sight, the glymce of speare and bill:
Then lookte I by and saue a farre, a Prince both yong and fayre,
In complet harnesse bright and clere, resembling Maris heire:
About a senentene yeres of age, of comely stature true,
It did me good his Princely grace, and personage to beue.
In betwixt like Narcissus sure, Dame Lunos comely face,
Begot of Iupiter he was, I deemed by his grace,
And after him a godly trayne, of puissaunt men of might,
All so preperde in armoz clere, and readie for to fight.
Then as we rode our iourney on, and still saue them drato nere,
I prayd y Memory would then, make playne their names appere:
That princely childe saide she, that king, that yong Narcissus faire,
Whose valiaunt hart shewes him no lesse, then worthy Henries heire.
That same is yong Iohas tried, the sixth Edward quoth shee,
That found Gods booke in broke walles, and made it preachte to be,
The same is he which read himselfe, Gods booke with lostie sound,
And sent the preachers throught his land, it plainly to expound.

Helchias

The trauailed Pilgrime

Helchias this king did esteeme, as high Priest of his lande,
By whome all Arguments of truth, should be with power scande,
This worthie Priest loued Zaphan well, the Scribe approude in wit:
Which two did alwayes with the king, in regall counsell sit.
By whose great wyt and pollicie, and by this kings consent,
All false Idolatrie, was quite out of his Region rent,
The hill Alters and groues in woodes, and Priestes of Baall ech one,
Were sone broke downe, & they cast out, from presence of his throne.
The lyuing God Ichouah, he did worship and obaye,
All superstition that stode by, he sone conuayde awaye.
The booke of Deutromy pure, he openly did reade:
And so commaunded as his lande, in truth for to procede,
In fine as earst his genitor, king Henry had begon,
By him the Romishe rable was quite ransackt and vndon,
As noble Sire by noble minde, had layde foundation sure:
So he that building finished, his raigne for to endure.
The Pope he clerely banished, and named as supreme head,
He utterly defied the Palle, and all his Bulles of lead.
He brake downe all Balles Images, and Pilgrimages vaine,
All Trentals, Diriges, Shriftes and rites, of Rome he did dismayne.
He toke the slyng of truth in hande, and stone of zeale that flent,
And gaue the Pope Goliah sure, a wounde and deadly dent:
He threwe his pardons out the doze, his power he full defied,
And cast his care on Iesus Christ, that Lambe which for him died.
Then this done he when Antichrist had lost his title cleane,
His hono: and his power vsurpe, which was not worth a beane,
By counsaile of that Zaphan wise, this king created right,
By Helchias the Priestes aduise, in Antichristes dispight.
New lawes and institution, within his realme and lande,
And purged the Englishe Church therewith, of Poperie out of hande:
He threwe the Alters downe with force, which made vs like the Jewes,
And set by Tables by and by, as Christ himselfe did vse.
The bookes of God he made be read, I meane Christes Testament,
Quoth he which Antichrist the Pope had hid long time and rent:
And made them playne in mother tongue, translated for to be,
And made the people serue the Lorde, in truth and veritie.

The trauailed Pilgrime

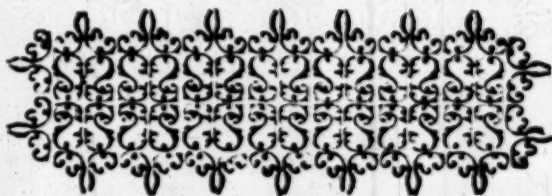
He rulde his lande seuen yeres quoth she, in such aduised wise,
As fame therfore doth sounde his prayse, euen to the starrie skies:
But whether rydes he now quoth I, and all those wightes so brane,
To age desert with spede quoth she, as Natures course doth craue.
But range thy horse sayde Memory, stande still be not afrayde,
For ere he come at Age byhalse, his iourney shall be stayde:
With that comes one euill fauored wight, all deckte in straunge aray,
And crept among his sturdie wightes, as they rode on their way.
Sast him quoth Memory to me: I see him well quoth I,
Thou shalt see more of his unhap, quoth she, euen by and by:
The same is he which sure will worke, the fall of that same king:
And him before the time of age, vnto destruction bring.
Infortunate, that is his name, a wight most fierce and fell,
As thou shalt see quoth she anone, I neede not thee to tell,
With that I sawe an other wight, Debilitie he hight:
Which crossing came another way, vnto this yong king right.
And then I sawe before this king Dame Fortune shynning clare,
With hir most glittering siluered bushe vnkemd as might appere:
Which couered all hir face and brest, it was so thick and long:
She thought hir selfe so did behaue, as one that ment him wrong.
For she hir balde and hearelesse head, turnde towarde him behinde,
This represents sayde Memory, that thing which he shall finde:
For though he haue bene fortunate, hir forehead to beholde:
Yet speedily she will turne back, of this thou mayst be bolde,
No youth ne belowie may preyntayle, no honor fame nor praise,
No welth nor dignitie be sure, that Thanatos assaies.
As she the words hane vttered forth, came Hope that heavenly Dame:
And gan to comfort by his hart, deseruing well the same.
High Enterpryse was at his hande, a noble Lorde and stoute,
With that Dame Memory bade me, to leaue looking aboute,
And cast thine eye vpon the king, so Angellike that rode:
From whome deceytfull Fortune fled, with all hir bushe abrode.
At whome he caught but all to late, she had no heare behinde
Saide Memorie, now marke thou well, to recreate thy minde:
But recreation none I sawe, but dolefull grieve and wo,
To see so swete a king dismaide, by guilefull Fortune so.

The trauailed Pilgrime

For why Debilitie gan prauince, when he was nere the king,
And eke Deshaunce came in poste, Ambassadge for to bring:
Quoth he vnto Debilitie, now ply thy strength full well,
And suffer not olde Age to gayne, ne yet thy power to quell.
With that the king espied a farre, this Champion stoute and strong,
And he to sende to knowe his minde, did not the time prolong:
(High Enterpryse) it was that rode, Ambassage to display,
And eke to knowe to what ende, he thus did beset his way.
Thy soueraigne Edward thinkes quoth he, Debilitie I meane,
To passe to Ages lande as did, his father stoute and cleane,
But doe thou write it may not be, that he should it attayne,
I here am set him to preuent, his iourney to restrayne.
High Enterpryse retirde agayne, and tolde the aunswere so,
Which made the kings couragious hart, to be enflamed tho:
Shall I quoth he preuented be, no sayth I will assaile,
To make the Champion stoute relent, and eke his purpose quayle.
There Hope strept out, and went before, and he came downe amaine,
And met the Champion with such force, that he had nere him laine:
Then did Deshaunce sound the Trumpe, of Death against the king,
At which the Champion gaue a blow, that did him shewdly wryng.
He fainted at the stroke in dede, and yet so stoute was he,
That his yong Princely hart respire, and thought reuengde to be,
And bent his speare to strike amayne, but as his stroke was bent,
That febleness behind him came, and did him much preuent.
Then strake Debilitie that might, and downe fell Edward flat,
It would haue greeued a saythfull minde, for to haue bene therat,
To see a king so toward and stoute, a right Iosias sure,
Such hard conflict and great mishap, in childehood to endure.
In tender youth alas, sayde I, to Memory my friend,
What chaunce is this y this good childe, so sone hath caught his end:
Unworthy sure quoth Memory, the lande was of his grace,
Their byle vnchristian thanklesse life, made him to lose his place.
But sure quoth she this is the trade, all men once nedes must go,
No might on earth but yong and olde, must subiect be to wo.
Then forth we rode, but to loke back, it graude me at the hart,
To see that Princely childe dismayde, and prest with deadly dart.

The trauailed Pilgrime

It grieued me sure to see his fall, and how he was dismaide,
And sure that strumpet Fortune then, did make me sore afraide :
Oh, who would trust sayde I with teares, and dolefull heaute minde,
To Fortune that vnstable blast, that wauereth like the winde.
Will yet sayde Memory to me, come on nowe ride apace,
For I will shewe thee more as yet, beholde thou ponder place :
It was about a ken from vs, so we did passe away
Till we came nere, then what befell, hereafter I will say.



These two Champions signifie Valiauncie, and Defiance, adrest like Haroldes by outwarde shape: bicause Dolor and Debilitie are certaine accidents, or inwarde mouings, the which are felt, but not seene: Eche striueth with other who shall be the chiefe Gouvernor, Thanatos taketh the supremacie, and compelleth them both to serue him.



*The Author and Memorie beholdeth the combat, marking what was
is spoken of Queene Marie.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

When we had rode a good long space in fiede that is so greene,
Then we had talked wel, of things which we before had scene
We came at last vnto a Dale where we went downe apace,
I saw two Champions prest in armes, which redy were to chace.
One as it were a hen me thought from other in hollow plaine,
Both bent with countenance stout to see, to fight with might & maine:
Thus as I cast mine eye about, I saw a Harolde drest,
Which came as though some message he, alreadie had exprest.
Whose irefull countenance made me shrinke, his lostie spech to heare,
Proceeding on his iourney still, as after shall appeare,
Forth on I came with bised hede, well marking euery pace,
Till both these Champions I sawe, eche other lookte in face,
Their matings were so valiant, as rare apperde in sight,
Which did so sore my hart dismay, that boyde I was of night,
With hollow cheekes most straunge to see, and glymping eyes sunk in,
Euen like to that Heraclites from weeping doth not linne,
A witherde face and skin so parchte, and bones by sorow made ful drie,
That I gan tremble all my flesh, to see him as I passed by,
The other sure did farre surpasse, so leane, so slender, thin and bare,
As though he had bene pinde & kept, with very thin and homely fare.
And such a sent came from him warde, as made me sicke in senses all,
It dulde my wittes, it palde my sense, yea sure it turned by my gall:
And as I was thus out of frame, I cast mine eye by to the hill,
And there I saw olde Attropos in deadly throne there sitting still:
As though in iudgement she had ben, to cut y thred that Clotho spun,
Alas saide I, I am beset, yea sure I thought I was vndon,
When I thought on the worthy sights, & pleasures great I passed fro,
Oh so my minde it did oppresse, betwixt I was in dolefull wo.
The glorious Princes deckt so fine, so many a lustie wight,
The Countrie faire, the fruitfull soyles, that were before my sight,
The worthy plattes and orient lands, the beutifull adorned glæ,
Now to forsake, and thus in grieve, of such a barren fiede to see.
And eke such ougly wights therein, such fearfull Champions twaine,
And most of all Dame Attropos, hir sight was most my paine,
I shewed mine humaine nature then, that thought in pleasures trace,
That no misfortune should haue hapt, my courage to displace.

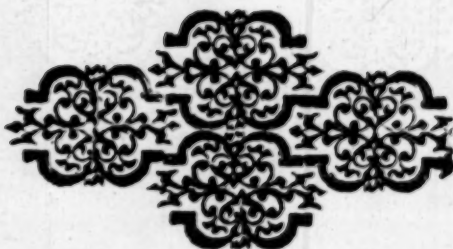
The trauailed Pilgrime

I thought as many thinke no doubt, in midst their pleasures daunce,
In time of welth and iolitic, of no such fatall chaunce:
Of Death nor of Calamitie, of poore and wretched state,
I thought as many thinke I see, that beare a loffie gate,
Like diuers Wights as Philip king, who ruled Macedone,
And eke as Nero did surmise that grieuance should be none:
But sure I was deceyde, so they deceyued are like wise,
That trust in worldly pleasures vaine, in fortunes false surmise.
In belotic, strength, in welth and pride, in honor fame and praise,
For in the turning of a hand false fortune goes hir wayes.
And then such as doe not forecast in welth to frame with wo,
The losse of welth doth yerke them nere which quickly hir forgo.
The losse of fame, the losse of ioye, the losse of store and ease,
Doth such that trusted still therein more grieuously displease,
Than it doth those that neuer had, of pleasure any tast,
As I now feele, said I in dede, with sorow nere downe cast.
This worde Dame Memorie belike heard as I spake the same,
And she forthwith would know of me why I was out of frame:
Alas Dame Memorie sayd I, these wights makes me agast,
Which here I see in this same Dale, since I mine eyes downe cast.
But stirre thou not, quoth Memorie from me, be not dismayde,
For many mightier than thou haue bene of them asrayde:
Beholde therefore and thou shalt see, great combats sharpe and fell,
As dreadfull sure, the like not past, marke well what I thee tell.
I haue thee she woe quoth she, ere this, that thou shalt not alone,
Treade on the path of mortall steppes, but other many one,
And these two wightes I shall thee tell, which present here dost see,
What be their names, that know I mayst, what both their natures
The wofull wight with hollow eyes, is Dolor, paine and griefe, (bee
Which in betrapping of mans steps, is knowne to be the chiefe:
When youthfull Age is past and gone, and lustie yeares all spent,
When cherefull mind by chaunged dayes, and wasted time is rent:
When fortunes glittering bush turnes back, when pastime bids adue,
When riches wasted or when fame, in course cannot renewe,
When merie hart by toyling care, of siluered Age is wo,
When pleasant Cupid doth the Courtes of Iupiters forgo.

The An-
thor here
lamentes
the state of
all souer-
eigne
worldlings

The trauailed Pilgrime

When Bacchus Cups doe turne to want, when Ceres crop do lacke,
When Venus shall with Vulcan be, no more in pzon racke :
When Iunos bewtie withered is, when Phœbus beames made dim,
When Cleopatra lies in tombe, that was before so trim :
When Salmacis the wanton Symphe, is monstrously transposed,
And she with Hermaphroditus so dolefully inclosed.
And when Apollo hath forgot to tunc his instrument,
And hearing Orgaine stop by Age, which youth did still frequent.



Then

The trauailed Pilgrime

Here the Author and Memorie beholdeth the last Combat
betwixt Dolor and Debillitie, clearly con-
uincied by Thanatos.



After long vexing procede on their iourney.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Then giues this Champion Dolors raigne, procure to the graue,
Hou chiefly then although the rule, of all mans life he haue,
And let the wanton loſt a while, and wealthy ones at wyl,
To tread there pleaſaunt path with eaſe, as caſting yet none yll.
Yet other while both griefe crape in, Diſpaire a Champion ſtoute,
That doth where feare of God is not, all former ioy blot out :
And what is all mans lyfe ſayde ſhe, but dolor griefe and paine,
What ioye can be in wretched vale, where woꝛde and all is vaine.
Feare not therefore quoth ſhe to me, ſo: thou ſhalt taſte no yll,
Before it be thæ limited, by God and by his will :
The other Champion calde by name, is ſure Debitie,
As feebleneſſe oꝛ weakneſſe hight, whome thou ſo leane doeſt ſæ.
He rules when Hercules hath loſt, his talde victorious ſtrength,
And when infections Nothus blowes, throughout the aire at length,
When god digeſtion ſtomake ſayles, and ſiches the hart doth breake :
Then doth mans body wanting yonth, become all ſick and weak.
When Soll that plannet full of grace, ſhall giue curſt Saturne raigne
And Luna ioyne with Venus colde, than gins that weakning paine,
When Natures ſayle by colloꝝs heat, and powers cannot digeſt,
Then weakneſſe oꝛ Debitie, ſone hath his rule expreſt :
When ſhe had told me both their names, by this, they ſwaſine were met
And we ſo nere that we might heare, their wordes withouten let,
They ſpake aloft as egerly, as they could both in yre,
And then to ſtay I did in minde, to heare them much deſire.
The winde was ſomewhat hie but yet, I heard them verie playne,
How Dolor and Debitie contended for the raigne :
He raigne ſayde one it is my right, the other did deny,
At laſt they greed their tytles both, by argument to try.
Then Dolor did reherſe the meanes, how he toke place at large,
By loſſe of goodes, by loſſe of friends, by loſſe of fortunes charge,
By pouertie by aduerſt chaunce, by fortunes frowning face,
By ſyre, by ſwoꝛde, by thꝛall, by lack, eſtſones doth griefe take place.
By loſſe of belotic ſtrength and fame, by loſſe of purpoſe bent,
By hatred, ſlaunder, and miſhap, when Saturue ſhall pꝛeuent.
A thouſand wayes he did rehearſe, how Dolor raignes in man:
Outward and eke a thouſand mo, of inward chaunces than.

Which

The trauailed Pilgrime

Which makes his entrance to the mind, to fill mans mind with griefe,
And therfore Dolor did conclude, that he ought be the chiefe,
But then to heare Debilitie what bragges he made at this,
By arguments as strong to proue, that right ought to be his.
He called the Planets all for proue, by ayrie argument,
As Saturne, Mars, and Luna colde, complete with their assent:
That be the Autho:rs of disease (said he) and ioynde with Planets good,
They make complexions turne and ioyce, they turne the helthlesse
As if hote Planets rule, amplex with colde which are to bale, (blood
Then they make choler grow in man, and stomacks heate apase,
If Planets colde get maistries, then fleume doth straight abounde,
The watric reumes and stomackes yll, in partes of man is founde.
With pestilence, Cont, & feuers ströc, Lasks, Dropsies, then appare,
Quarterns, Tertians, and beside, such as doe touch more nare,
As Paralysis Palsey hight, which sprong of humo:rs colde,
Makes sinewes all as resolute, powers vitall to withholde.
Then Apoplexia comes in kinde, rising of humo:rs grosse,
Which fillles the vessels of the braine, to speach and mouing losse:
Then Epilepsia likewise of grosse colde fleume doth spring,
Where else of Melancholy sure, well knowne a weakning thing.
So Disinteria comes likewise, which nature cleane doth breake,
Continuall torments comes with him, to make mans body weake:
And of Disuria springes a colde, of fleume both grosse and tough,
Who paines the bladder in such sort, and makes a man to bough.
Ephialtes, Epialos, those feuers both take place,
One colde, and the other burning hote, mans strength so: to deface:
The Hemerhodes also doe come of fulnesse of the baines,
Which much deprive ma of his strength, encreasing gricuous pains.
Iclerios which Jaundice hight, pretending in their kinde,
Of euery sort much weakning man, as I can proue and finde.
Beside ten thousande more sayd he, of soze diseases fell,
Which now our time will not permit, in order so: to tell.
Pea, and beside a thousande new, which springs low euerie day
As plagues made due deuised by God, mans new finnes to repay:
New wayes man still inuenteth now, his God so: to offend,
And so God doth new plagues deuise, to bring him to an ende.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Not new as though God shoulde haue neede, new things for to inuent,
But new because man did not trust, as yet such punishment:
I therfore quoth Debilitie, doe proue my selfe the best,
By whom mankinde in this his race, is most of all opprest.
For sorrow may be put away, as cause thereof doth spring,
Of pensur hart sweete instruments can lope and selace bring,
To soyle hart for poore estate, a salue is to be had,
And that is money which forthwith reuiues and makes him glad.
If too for lacke of fame or praise, actiuitie comes in,
If greefe with wounds the medicine streight his ease doth then begin:
But he that is to weaknesse brought, Whistlions may take paine,
And minister by Art and skill to make him hole againe:
Pea, cure his sicknesse as they may by knowledge euer more
But yet his strength they will confesse, God only must restore:
With that gan Dolor halfe distraught, to fire his speare on brest,
And straight Debilitie began likewise to be adrest:
Their words displeasant were to eche, they were incens'd with ire,
And so they gan to close amaine, with strokes as hote as fire,
Assuredly like Champions stout and valiant in the felde,
It was not cowardnesse that coulde, make either so to yeelde.
But paused and fought, and paused againe, so cruell was their fight,
And sure full deadly blowes were giuen, on either part did light.
How likest thou this, said Memorie, sure saide I, gracious Dame
I neuer saw yet such conflict, no worthier than the same,
It is but vaine, quoth she certes, for them thus to contende.
For see where one doth sit in throne, that shall their battell ende,
Why: that is Attropos quoth I, truth quoth she to me,
And these two Champions to hir grace, both but as seruants be.
With that same worde I hearde a voyce, and Attropos gan speake,
Wherewith these champions both at once, their battell of did breake:
Hir iudgemēt was that Griefe, or Paine, or Weaknesse were but sent
As Messengers of Attropos, and for hir high entent.
Not for your selues, quoth she, that you to raging be,
But that when eyther of you strike, man might prepare for me:
Your powre and strength is little worth except I be your guide,
The honoz therfore sure is mine, I fully haue it tride.

The trauailed Pilgrime

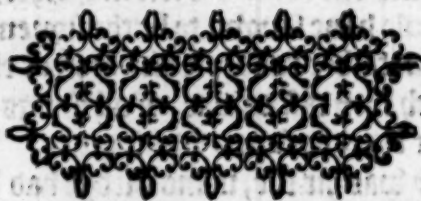
With that they stayde and flog their speares, ech one out of his hand,
And cast their eyes to Atropos, where as hir throne did stand,
And we rode by when all was done, the furious battailes hot,
And through the Dale amaine we rode, our hoxles for to trot.
But as we rode Dame Memorie gan talke as wont we were,
Of that same sight which we had seene, whereof I was in fere :
So falling out and communing, as we rode on our waye,
Of many things she put in minde, which she before did saye,
And eke how these two champions had, ful many a sight down cast,
And eke how man was but a flowre, a bud or westerne blast.
And so among much other talke, it came into my minde,
Talking of Princes and of Kings, which yet was left behinde :
To aske hir who succeeded next after in Britaine lande,
That swete & comly Edward King, whom fortune did withstand.
Truly quoth she, thou well hast spoke, I had hir quite forgot,
With small desert of memorie, she left behinde God wot
Marie a bitter floure God knowes, sprung of so swete a tre,
Yet bright she was in splendent throne, as any Quene could be :
Marie succeeded Edward sure, a branche of Henries blood,
Though that hir reigne with Hesperus did Britaine lande smil good.
A noble Prince no doubt she was, respecting reigne and crowne,
As reigning ouer such a lande, as beares so high renowne :
And wise she was as such one coude, so left in brothers steade,
And wiser if she would hane sought, to be the supreme heade.
But she cast downe that father raisde, which brother eke made sure,
And set vp that which they cast downe, of all things most impure:
Yet royally she ran hir race, as fancie did hir guide,
And sure right godly was hir life, if knowledge had bene tride.
A iust religious minde had she, but wanting skill of truth,
Which caused in Britain land much wo, much wailing, paine & ruth
If thou wilt more saide Memorie to me, of Maries raigne,
The Actes and Monumentes put forth, of that time shew thee plaine:
The tragicall discourse therof, the bloudie slaughter sell,
Time will not serue me, but that booke shall shew thee verie well :
At last when she had raignde in pompe, adioyned to such a throne,
Scarce willingly gaue place to death, which Bellials sozt did mone.

L.ij.

She

The trauailed Pilgrime

She seemed as yet to show a grace, that fatalls to defie,
And with these Champions both she fought, as time did them descrie:
But she alas was all to weake, for all the pompe she had,
And all the helpe of Balams flocke, which prayed as they were mad,
Which roared and bleared in euery route, that she had lost hir life,
Bicause they knew if she were gone, then would begin their strife:
Well yet at length Debilitie and Dolor so preuailede,
That they of hir obtainde the price, which they had long assailede,
And Atropos when they had done, cut off hir vitall threde,
How grievously and in what wise to show, is more than neede,
And euen as Memorie had done this short discourse to me,
Of this same Quene, hir raigne and end, a Fort we gan to see,
And eke a house or Mansion place, as we rode by the hill,
And vnderneath a valey faire, but so:th we rode on still,
Till we were come vnto the house, where Memorie bade light,
There she constrained me to rest, bicause it was nere night,
Here will we bide, sayd she, a while, vntill the morow day,
And then of other matters straight, I will to thee display,
At hir request I lighted downe, and put our Swardes to grasse,
Then went we in, yet will we tell, what after came to passe.



The trauailed Pilgrime

The Author and Memorie walking on foote, beholdeth the
auncient shoue and Funerals, of mightie
Conquerours past.



¶ hereupon the Author beholding th: same, desireth Memorie to shew him the
meaning thereof, as earst to fore she had begonne.

The trauailed Pilgrime

When clowdie night so darke and grim, was passe then we arose,
Euen when Auroras comely hew, gan mornings chere disclose.
When Cinthias hournes were hid, when Phæbus took his race:
In glittering Chariot through the skies, fro Esterne throne apace.
Then sayde Dame Memory at once, make speede the day drawes on,
And so we took our curteous leaue, and went to horse anon:
The pleasaunts Dame is Memory, to ride or go withall,
She moues the minde not to forget what after shall befall.
The cherefullst Ladie on the way, Dame Memory is sure,
That euer matched with Pilgrime tryde, his fancies to allure,
Besides recouering by the talke, that we had ouer night,
The chere, the banquet and repast, the pastauce and delight.
She had a thousand merie tales, of stories past and gon,
Which were with wisdome enterlasse, right mete to think upon:
Sometime by trauaile I gan tyre, and was right dull in mnde,
But she espying me, soorthwith adrest some mirth to finde.
So passing on with mery tales, and wauering thoughts of me,
We gan about the eleuenth houre, a pleasaunt feld to see.
I should haue tolde first of the hill, where that the Foote did stande,
Where we had lodgde all the night, right worthy to be scande.
For on that hill the way laye right, a streete bright, faire, and plaine,
Much like the way that mountes the hill, Parnassus as they saine:
None onely that Parnassus way, leades by the winned hill,
And this from top hath turnings none, but leadeth downe ward still.
Of all the places where I came, or eye haue sene to tell,
To none I can compare this hill, whereon our iournay fell,
Except it be to that same place, vnder Parnassus side,
Where all the worthy Muses mine, Parnassides abide:
So faire, so swete, with flowers and trees, of fruites a long our way.
That it vnto Thesperides Garden compare I may,
Still all a long till at the last, the way led downe amayne,
From whence as casting soorth my sight, I spide þe pleasaunt playne.
The betwixt of the which, to much reuiued by my minde,
That still I longde to be therein, but loe I was behinde:
It shewed pleasant in mine eye, that feld so freshe of glæ,
As though from Oetas top, the Creacian lande might see.

The trauailed Pilgrinne

And still the nearer it I came, the farther it did seeme,
Which made me muse and what it was, it caused me to deeme:
And musing on it as I rode, as many mindes are bent,
To chaunged fancies newe and straunge, graue studie to preuent.
To please the eyes and fix their mindes, oft times of fangelid chaunge,
So I confesse as one of those, whose minde did often raunge,
But as I mused, Dame Memory, had tolde me many a tale,
But sure I wist not what they were, no more then Iacke a bale.
My minde was so bereft with toys, and fancies that I saue,
That what she sayd, I knew no more, then did a foolish dau:
I was much lyke then as I thought, to some that I did knowe,
Which oft doth come in preaching place, where truth doth bud and
To sermons as they vsed when as, I was at home in rest, (growe
To which full many well I knowe, would oft be readie prest:
And yet when as they were in place, their dueties so: to heere,
So many toys and fancies sonde, before them did appere.
That oft when preacher had left off, if one should them desire,
They could as many wordes declare, as sea burne in the fire,
And knew as much their duetie then, when sermon ended was,
As Linus in Lupercall wood, to helpe Pans priest sing spasse.
So much beside my selfe was I, as they were with there toys,
To see this pleasaunt felde so faire, it much encreast my loyes:
But Memory much hauing sayde, perceyuing eke my minde,
Knewe well before she asked me, how my disease to finde.
I answered hum and ha to hir, but nought I did regarde,
Of all the pleasaunt stories which she had for me preparede:
Much like as some, when wisemen shal, of wise dome touch them ought
And yet their ydell braynes doe still regarde the same as nought.
At last sayde Memory in deede, as marking well my chere,
Where on my friend is set thy minde, that me thou doest not heere:
How sure deere Dame sayde I, this felde betrays my senses so,
That I am rauisht with the sight, the further that I go.
With that Dame Memory to me did say, I was not wise,
To lose the marking of hir talke, for pleasaunce of mine eyes.
This field she sayd which thou doest see, so faire, so fresh and greene,
Unto an other seemeth bare, as time hath cuer bene.

The trauailed Pilgrime

This fielde is Time that nowe apperes of such a lively hew,
To thee and certayne other mo, which perill neuer knew,
Which haue ynough as helth and wealth, and ease withouten paine,
To whome eche hap of wordes and deedes, still fall out perfitte gayne.
Whose sweetned mouths, no hūger tast, whose hart do take no thought
Whose handes to laboꝝ haue no neede, that Art should out be sought:
Whose pleasaunt face the siluerd drops of trickling sweate doth hate:
Whose wandering eyes are not opprest, with watching ouer late:
Whose Corps adourned takes no colde, at Borias bitter blaff,
Such thinke this fielde a pleasant graynge, which neuer wo do tast,
Such as haue all thing at their willes, withouten thought oꝝ care,
As raniht sure with sight thereof, there fancies fully are:
Whose Coffers are right full of Golde, whose Tables haue no scant,
Whose costly lodgings in the night, of easement haue no want:
Whose gorgeous bestments are framde, to pleasures of the eye,
Which as in honoꝝ, pompe, and praise, in fortunes fauor lye.
Those thinke this fielde of Time no doubt, a pleasaunt field to be,
Like Garden of Hesperides, oꝝ Thessal Grecians gløe.
But vnto such are tastng wo, grieve, hunger, paine and smart,
Whose howling sight foꝝ loyleffe state, procede from swelling hart:
Whose bodys are with toyle opprest, which colde with Saturs pre,
On whom Dame Fortune turnes her back, not as they doe requir,
Which lack and taste of pinching paine, both naked poꝝe and bare,
Which scarce doe lyue in meanly state, foꝝ all their toyle and care.
But glad to go from doꝝe to doꝝe, in howling pꝝeksome grieve,
And are constrainde with witherd cheekes, to craue and aske reliefe:
To such this pleasaunt fielde of Time, which thou doest thinke so gay,
A toyleffe plat they holde it sure, deuoyde of comfort thay.
Some other thinke, as they likewise, of Balams flocke I meane,
Which are dispoyle in this same time, of all their comfort cleane:
Which had a time foꝝ them full fꝝeche, mens soules to bye and sell,
Which were inricht by marchandise, y^e saued mens soules from hell.
What saide I: saued: nay quite dispoyled, of euerlasting loyes,
While they in time of Molochs raigne, were flattered foꝝth wth toyes,
While such like Princes were inrichte, and fared of the best,
While simple foꝝt like Idiot lobbes, oꝝ innocents were drest.

They

The trauailed Pilgrime

They clothed in silkes as Marchauntes rich, with Benefices full,
 With Benefices would I say, that made their braines so dull :
 Which now doe holwe, in corners crept, for losing of their gayne,
 And of this pleasant time for grieve, doe very much complayne.
 Though others lope, and thinke it swete, yea happiest time of all,
 When Gospell hath them freed from Pope, & Popes cruell thrall:
 And that helpe sayde Memory, both make it seeme to the
 The Garden of Hesperides, more bewtfull to be.
 For their grewe Golden apples sure, which Hercules bereft,
 But here the sounde of lasting lyfe, in holpest Garden left.
 Yet marke and see the sickle chaunce, that happeneth in this tyme,
 As well as in the auncient graunce, that was so full of cryme.
 And as the proses of hir talke, was thoroughly at an ende,
 She did begin in middt of fildoe, apace for to discende,
 Where as there was so fayre a groue, and Arbes for to rest,
 As Phæbus in Meridian case, began to be adrest.
 We both in place there did alight, and as we walked by,
 The pleasaunt frutes that there we sawe, was passing to the eye,
 The fragrant Rose, and smelling Mint, the Oliefe braunches greene,
 A place most fit for balyaunt harts, as for Minerua Quene.
 Thus as we walkte Dame Memory, gan take me by the hande,
 Sayde she of other matters yet, she let the vnderstande,
 She friendly aske me howe I like that Garden freshe and greene,
 Howe sure Madame, sayde I ere thys, the like I haue not seene.
 So with me then she sayde, where with she gan my steps to guyde,
 Out of a priue way that opte all at the sotherne side :
 And being there straight was in sight the goodliest valed playne,
 That is I thinke in all the coast, twise Macedon and Spayne.
 Beset with great Pyramides, and Monuments right hie,
 In good proportion and in heghth, right pleasaunt to the eye :
 At thonside rockes and Mountaynes huge, and goodly groues to see,
 Than all that I to fore had seene, this more delighted me :
 Then as I cast mine eyes more low, I spide a mightie Prince,
 With Diademe and stowtnesse there, and Scepter to conuince,
 In goodly Throne I sawe him sit, with princely grace and chere,
 Like Philip king of Macedon, his countnaunce did appere.

Here Me-
 morie
 sheweth
 the Dutie
 the aunc-
 ent monu-
 ments.

The trauailed Pilgrime

O like to Alexander sure, which wan by force of fight,
The vniuersall world throughout, in thirtene yeares by night,
The shewes of this olde monuments, were notes of Princes past,
For other purpose serude they not, thus same hath ende hir blast.
So many as were valiant, their deedes doe well rccorde,
And for their faithfull seruice here, they raigne with God the Lorde:
To such therfore as spent their time, like cruell Nero he,
Those monuments stande to their shame, as all full well may see.
Herode fell, Goliah sloute, what praise left they behinde,
O Bacchus he, that belly God, sure Momus guesstes assynde,
Their crueltie rest to their shame, vnto the worldos ende,
Their infamie and cankered hate, from light their eyes did bende.
Marke well therfore quoth Memorie although these sights the please,
The sights not sene with loue aboue, doth breede more ioy and ease:
For these are things though faire, yet vaine, a time to please the eye,
The life to come doth far surpasse, that iourney let vs hie.
Belorapt I was with heaule care, when thus much he had sayde,
And berpe loth from thence to part, there with I was dismayde.
Yet at the last she so me apte, to hir I did consent,
With pleasant sholwe of sugred wordes, my sorowes to preuent.
If we should make so much report, quoth Memorie of all,
That we haue sene and doe beholde, the Readers minde would pall:
Therfore from hence now let vs part, our iourney forth to passe,
As we haue done from time to time, for run is halfe our glasse.
To speake somewhat of worthy lightes, which shineth very cleare,
I minde in deede for to declare, marke well, and thou shalt heare.
That worthy Queene Elizabeth, that splendent Rose so clere,
Whose fame is spred in euery coast, all Europe farre and nere:
With that I spake to Memorie our iourney forth to ride,
And she with speede hir selfe addrest, which I full soone espyde,
On Will I rode, and she on Ease, from loftie hill to dale,
As after ward shall well be sene, such netwes account not stale.
The night approcht, and Vesper shone, Cinthia gaue hir shine,
Yet now and then when Clouds were past, from light for to decline,
A place we saw which did vs ioy, where we had hope to rest,
But being neare Aurora she hir selfe aloft adrest:

Saying

The trauailed Pilgrime

Seeing now therfore quoth Memorie the day so faire beginnes,
Let vs proceede our former talke, auoyding Tritons giunnes,
His whistling like shall not allure, nor yet his lily song,
That to escape we shall full well, his craft can not vs wrong:
He sickle fancie let not moue, your senses to withholde,
For loue aboue doth strengthen all, as earst before I tolde,
Where Memorie and Reason eake, in man doth still abide,
There vertue growes with lasting ioyes, at euerie time and tide.
The whole discourse of eche mans life, may likened be to grasse,
Whose state and stay is no time firme, for all away doth passe:
The vehement colde congeales to yse, yet heate of sunne doth melt,
To gratefull harts a lasting praise, as all such past haue felt.



The trauailed Pilgrime

The Author beholdeth the discourse of Dolor and Debilitie, Thanatos
fitting and giueth iudgement, Attropos giuing place.



*As they are at contention, the worthy Queene Elyzabeth passeth by, neither
Dolor nor Debilitie, as yet not able to resist.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

A S worthy facts deserues great fame, to such as vertue lone,
So worthie prayse is alwayes prest, by proufe who list to proue.
No tongue ne pen may well expresse the benefites we haue:
Not only store of worldly welth, for that we nede not craue.
All things that we can thinke o: wishe, concerning eche estate,
Are brought to vs, we lacke them not, we nede not feare of hate,
Of foren power, Prince, no: lande, if we eche other loue,
And doe obey our noble Quene, as dutie doth vs moue.
Whose royall raigne God so endue, sure Nestors yeares I wishe,
That she long time may be our guide, hir foes still to banquishe:
And that we may while time we haue, by dutie seeke to please,
Hir royall grace our supreme head, Gods wrath thereby to please.
No nation sure in Christen lande, may so as we compare,
No worthier Princes beareth life, no: none more taketh care
To kepe and gouerne this hir Realme, by prudence and skill
Is all hir care, hir lande to riche, no subiectes more haue will.
Hir splendent face and Christall eyen, hir comly corps and gate,
Is able sure a hart of stone, to cause relent and quake,
By way of sage sobrietie, hir publike wealth doth guide,
I thinke the like scarce may be founde at any time o: tide.
What shall I say in farther prasse, full well all men may know,
God graunt therfore we thankfull be, and duties to hir shew:
That lande o: nation which doe loue their Prince with hart and will,
God doth and will them euer blesse, in Citie, towne and hill.
Well, to procede quoth Memorie, as earst we haue begunne,
Let vs with speede no time delaye, alwaye our course doth runne.
Beholde quoth she that ponder bale so bare and boide of grasse,
All barrennesse the place is calde, where none may ouerpasse.
Beholde also the ougly corps, that bony figure hee,
Is Thanatos which endes the life of euery degree.
As Iudge he sittes in midst of plaine, to be w the commers by,
And those in armes are champions stout, not one from them may fly.
If that he chaunce within their sight, full hard then may escape,
Debilitie so cruell is, and bitall life doth hate,
The Harolde there Defiance bight, by to the commers by,
From Thanatos as Messenger, in becalmed corps aspre
When

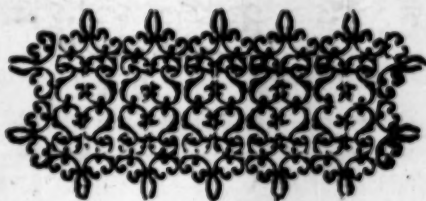
The trauailed Pilgrime

When flesh by Dolefulnesse is brought, to weake Debilitie
Then straight Dehance lye betwixt, the marie toyntes and knee:
Euer striving still in man, except freshe bloud abound,
Decreasing all the vitall powers, & Death straight giues the wound.
Conceiue thou well quoth Memory, these Champions now beholde,
A Cumbat sure we straight shall see, as erst before I tolde:
Their stryuing sure is all in vaine, till God doth giue him leaue,
Therefore with haste as we passe by, doe close vnto me cleaue.
Feare not at all, as yet the force, may in no wise be let,
Although they strive who first shal raigne, and lay their trapped net:
As we were talking in the bale, a farre of I espide,
A Charet set with costly stone, and plumed on every side.
In haste I spake to Memory, and aske hir what they were,
Which came in order marching on, withouten dread or feare:
Remembrest not quoth Memory, Elizabeth that Queene,
Which I erst spake, that worthy Prince, euen she most comly seene.
With those hir Nobles of hir lande, on prograce now they ride,
Through worldly pleasures trapped way, forth on apace they glide:
To beue and see how euery coast, is furnished with store,
If neede shoulde be, hir foes to match, the bote and ship with Ore.
As well on seas of troubleous time, that nothing lacking be,
Hir to defende in all assaies, from daungers she hir free:
Hir captaine stout Gods gospel pure, will fight so for hir grace,
That Pope and Jewe shal stand in feare, of hir most splendant face.
And constant faith in Iesus Christ, Liefetenaunt hirs shall be,
Which seekes by meanes the life to come, as all full well may see.
All these already are with hir, hir minde they still obey,
So long as she goes forward on, not minding once to stay:
And for asmuch as she hath care, hir Realme to keepe in peace,
It hir behoues all coastes to seeke, at no time sure to cease,
Not that she feares scarce time to haue, such is hir godly zeale,
But for to see all things well set, thus she for vs doth deale.
Debilitie ne Dolor eke, so strives to get them prayse,
As she doth sure thinke bring to passe, by sundry kinde of wayes:
That which is sayde as erst I tolde, if thou my wordes dost here,
It shall suffice giue eare againe, beholde they diatwe be nere:

Concerning

The trauailed Pilgrime

Concerning that Debilitie, which strived so of late,
Is nothing else but want of bloud, which lustie youth doth hate :
And Dolor he doth signifie both pensue carpe and care,
Which doth in time mans flethe abate, to fleshlesse bones all bare,
And Thanatos is grievedly Death, which makes an ende of life,
From hie and lowe, from youth to age, and eke both man and wife :
Discord and Grudge, delights to braule, and then they haue their fill,
By sworde or knife, eche one to slay, still prest they are to kill,
And sith these sightes are passed by, we will not here abide
As yet, if thou wilt solow me, I still will be thy guide :
With that on Will I rode me forth, as now not farre to iourne,
Noth Memory beholde, that thou may not agayne retourne,
Forth on we nedes must take our way, for we two will alone
Debate of matters past and gon, as after shall be showane :
My colour straight began to chaunge, and strength did eke decreass,
And grayer head did then appere, I might not be releass.



The trauailed Pilgrime

Here the Author and Memory riding alone, Memorie comforteth
him to prouide and arme himselfe against Thanatos.



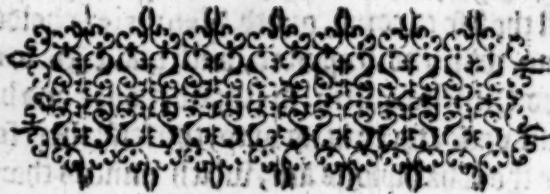
*The Author being somewhat moued by Memorie, passeth ouer the fildes of
worldly pleasure, and Time also nere past, beginneth to faint,
yet for a time recovered by Reason.*

The trauailed Pilgrime

As I rode on with countenance grim, and almost halfe dismayde,
That I also no way mought sie, I gan to be astrayde :
For that I saw so many dead, of all degrees on ground,
I mused how I might escape, that none should me confound :
With that Dame Memorie looked back, quoth she doe not dismay,
So way there is therein to scape, the truth I doe display :
When natures course by Time is spent, then needes must all adreffe,
With speare and shield against the foe, I after will expresse.
For as these Champions still haue stride, and thee beset full oft,
Now thee to leaue they will not sure, marke wel this time is nought :
A werie place and painfull vale, a dungeon darke and yll,
Where nothing bides in one estate, thou mayest not haue thy wyl.
When I considered hir wo:ds, and weyde them well in minde,
I gan againe for to reuiue, bicause she was so kinde,
In shewing me the daungers great, which passed were and gone,
And those to come, with cheerefull wo:ds, so forth we rode along,
To passe the feld of barren Age, so much my minde did moue,
That sore I was therewith dismayde, that (Will) no more to prone,
And speare of Regiment to lose, and eke my sworde so bright,
Which Courage hight, wherewith I oft did put my foes to flight.
Thus musing still the life to come, quoth Memorie beholde,
That I land playne, which doth appere, with glasse Ise so colde.
That place is called Consumption, so emptye, voyde and bare,
Which thou must passe, there is no way, thy selfe therefore prepare.
Within that place the Champions are, which mindes thee to assaile :
Distrust, Dispaire, and eke Disdaine, but see thou doe not quayle :
Thou shalt them see, but not them see, therefore doe not dismay,
Their power is such where they beare rule, they turn to night & day.
The night I meane of worldly cares, which many doe esteeme,
To be more worth than lasting life, a day full bright doth shewe,
For who that mindes the life to come, himselfe may well insure,
This worldly vale and dungeon darke, doth man from life procure.
Therefore quoth she, now let vs ride apace till we haue got
Some house to rest, where harbour is, that none by way vs stop.
Beholde quoth she, that Phoebeus faire beginneth to disende,
And Vesper she, ere long will shewe, the day to be at ende :

The trauailed Pilgrime

With that I set my spures to horse, whose pace began to dull,
Nothing so quicke as at the first, no race could run at full:
Esyping thus my horse to faint, I long desired to see
Some house or place for vs to rest. Then both we did agree,
Before that Vesper gan to shine, a place we did espie,
Wherby with haste rode on our waye, and thither did vs hie,
But ere we further doe procede, quoth Memorie to mee,
Be not to rashe in entring in, some light now let vs see.
With that I looked rounde about, aloft I spied light,
So cleare it shone as doth the sunne, with all his beames so bright,
To knocke quoth she, I will begin, this place I surcly know,
Which called is the Hoped Time, which faithfullnesse doth show,
Well, quoth Memorie alight, till some vs come vntill,
Ere long there will approach to vs, obtaine we shall our will:
And with that there came a messenger, True Zeale which did prepare,
A chamber fresh which Paine it hight, as we shall now declare.



The trauailed Pilgrime

Here the Author by Memorie taketh his rest, at the ende
of the desert of barren Age, or Con-
sumption.



*And being lighted of their horses, the Author sickenerh in the
Chamber called Paine.*

The trauailed Pilgrime.

No sooner entred was I sure, such paine in corps I felt,
That I was faine to lay me downe vpon a couch or pelt:
Till that true Diligence for me, prepared had a bed,
And godly Zeale full readie had a herchefe for my bed.
Thus lying downe vppon my bed, in dolefull sort gan mone,
Percepuing well that nede I must, do that that earst was shone:
That is, to leaue this fleshy corps, and chaunged lyfe to se,
Which I long tyme sought to defend, and yet it would not bee.
To thinke vpon that Will my horse, my griefe did more abound,
Him to forgo it greiued me much, euen lyke a deadly wound:
With that came Memory to me, and bade me take good hede,
Not to dismay although the tyme, by Loue is full decrede.
Why dost thou sigh and languishe so, it may thet not peneale,
Lo, Reason he shall so thee rule, that thou shalt well peneale:
To bide the saute of Thanatos, he will thee so enflame:
That from Dispaire, Disdame, and Ire, thou shalt escape as game.
So long as thou wilt ruled be, by Reasons sage aduise,
True Diligence and constant Hope, will couni thee then full wise:
Lo Pacience straight will then appere, and endlesse ioy and guide,
To driue away Distrust and Ire, as golde thou must be tride.
With that came Reason to the bed, and bid him not dismay,
For I sure am a friend of thine, my loue I will display,
And lay abrode before thee so, if thou wilt me regarde,
And after me as faythfull friends, already are preparede.
That is, faith, hope and charitie, which will thy minde allure,
To doe and save all that shall proue, and lyfe they will procure:
By me therefore now ruled be, then marke what will insue,
A happie state and ioyfull lyfe: these wordes as sure most true.
Beholde where I am resident, there alwayes groweth same,
To prince, to king, and euery state, I still incurre good name:
So if thou wilt be ruled by me, I will not fro thee part,
Till Clothos be haue spun his threde, with all his silly Art.
Till Atropos haue whet their knife, the vitall threde to ende,
Till Thanatos his course doth ende, my loue I will extende.
Therefore of me thou mayest be sure, if thou my wordes regarde,
No entente sure shall thee conuince, although full nere preparede.

When

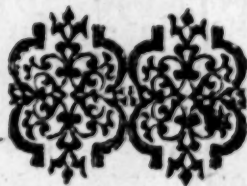
The trauailed Pilgrime

When Reason thus had sayde his minde, to Memory I sayde,
How like you this I pray you shewe, I neede now of your ayde :
With that she smilede as one yet glad, espying not forgot,
His counsaile sure is certes good, and sinnes away will blot,
No man on earth may Death withstande, therfore vnwise is he,
Which will contend with yrefull wordes, as all full well may se :
For yrefull wordes breedes cankered hate, Debilitie to be.
And Dolor he must needes decrease, beware of Discordes checks,
In sickness he that wayward is, and will no reason heere,
Alwayes doth breede, his owne disease, as may full well appere :
The frantike mindes of many one, so to their willes are bent,
That medicine and phisicke both, may cause them to repent.
Such wilfull patients therfore, that will not turne in time,
May well be sure to feele the rod, of pinching paine and crime :
For there as Reason may not rule, nor Memory that Dame,
In steade of hope of endlesse lyfe, Distrust there reapes the game,
And where Distrust once bereth sway, their straight apertes Dispaire
To draw away that soule from light, and state thereby appaire.
God graunt therfore all chistian harts, so to prouide in time,
That lyuely spirite of iust beliefe, maye not from the decline.
But that which feruent zeale doth shewe, by loue aboue diuine,
Disturbance he doth grudge and hate, much more he doth repine :
For when he sees the feeble corps, opprest with wo and paine,
Most busiest then he is to me, although most vile and vaine.
He will therfore prouide in time, while prosperous state doth last,
In calling still for Gods mercy, shall not be made agast :
Of wicked spirites for to delude, they shall not the annoy,
Though thousands haue thy corps possesse, with guilefull fancies coy.
No man on earth hinsi like maye free, from the insinuatie
Of fleshy lyfe while he haue breath, such powers to disagree :
I wishe therfore all faythfull hartes, there mindes so fully bende,
And still to craue mercie and grace, for that they haue offence.
These wordes when Memory had sayde, they did my hart such good,
My sickness I almost forgate, but Reason with me stode :
My heart was lightned very much, therfore I calde amayne,
For armes then, and Will my horse, yet once againe to raine.

The trauailed Pilgrime

Wherewith that I would make an ende, of this my trauayled time,
The sooner then to ende this race of carnhered yre and crime :
But seeing weaknesse so oppresse my flesh corpes in bade,
On Will I gan my foe to hate, that Thanatos with spede.
And being armed with Godly Zeale, my selfe so did applye,
That not estate ne losse of life could make me backe to flye,
But when he came his might was such, I could not him withstand,
Forthwith I yelded as captiue then, and boyde of foraine land.
God graunt vnto all saythfull hartes, such race alwayes to runne,
That no desyre of worldly welth, their mindes once ouercume :
Then be you sure, when vitall thred, by Attropos is rent,
With Gods elect in lasting toyes, no care more to relent.
Farewell my friendes, loe ye haue heard, such newes as I haue sirne,
In euery cost and lande where I, long time and dayes haue binne:
Let this suffice your sickle mindes, except you farther loyne,
So this now done, my selfe doth please, and so doth serue my turne.
Though playne and base, not eloquent, as well sure as I can,
A better may hereafter hap, if that thou rightly scan :
Farewell adue yet once agayne, marke well ere thou dispraise,
Least in the ende thou be to rash, not trading Reasons waies.

FINIS.



The trauailed Pilgrime

Iohn.3.

They shall die that beleeue not in Christ, and the wrath of God
abideth vpon them.



Eccle.9.

They that be dead know nothing, such as are dead in sinne, they dead men shall
lyue, such as are dead in the workes of the fleshe, shall be quickned in the spirit.

Sapien.13.

Among the dead there is hope, among suche wicked as will be converted from
their abominations, there is lyfe promised, so that they retorne not to their
domicile againe.

Imprinted at London, by Henric
Denham, dwelling in Pater-
noster rowe, at the
signe of the
starre.



Anno Domini.
1569.

